THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

We are not alone in deriving considerable amusement from the comical errors which the contributor to the "Literary Chat" columns of *Munsey's Magazine* is continually guilty of perpetrating. Several amused correspondents have written to us at various times commenting on these errors, and we have said nothing; but an error to which a number of these interesting people have called our attention this month is too funny to let pass. We are told that

"Mr. Harold Frederic has made his *début* as a novelist with a book entitled *The Damnation of Theron Ware*. Mr. Frederic is favourably known to us by his foreign letters to the New York *Times*, and those who have followed his work closely will not be surprised to find in his first novel proof that he is entitled to high rank in literature."

Then we are informed, by way of peroration and with a solemnity that is worthy of this naïf critic, that

"Mr. Frederic's book is worthy of him."

❀

Mr. Harold Frederic, whose new novel, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, is the book most talked of at the present time, is, as is well known, the London correspondent of the New York *Times*. It is needless to say at this date that his letters to that influential journal commenting upon European affairs are distinguished by a felicitous and lucid style, sound judgment, and accurate information. It is, however, as a writer of fiction, notwithstanding *Munsey's* ignorance of the fact, that Mr. Frederic most interests us. Although for many years he has lived and worked in London, his novels deal, with one exception, entirely with American life. The exception is an Irish tale. His work comprises *Seth's Brother's Wife*, *In the Valley*, *The Lawton Girl*, *The Return of the O'Mahoney*, *The Copperhead*, and a batch of shorter tales.

Scribner's Magazine gave him his first real start, and his first book was selected out of many as the serial with which

MR. HAROLD FREDERIC.

that magazine began. It must be a matter of surprise to some that Mr. Frederic's American stories, written in England, keep in such intimate touch with the life he describes at such a distance. In reply to a remark made to this effect about the farm life in *Seth's Brother's Wife*, he says, "I was brought up on or near a farm. I spent my boyhood in getting out of bed at five in the morning to look after the cattle, and until I was fourteen I drove a milk wagon as a 'side issue' in my agricultural duties. For one of my stories I read commercial law and that sort of thing under the instruction of a well-known lawyer of my acquaintance. For *In the Valley*, which deals with American life during the Colonial period, I made eleven years' study of the domestic and political history of that time, the records, the 'costumes and properties.' Besides, I was born and reared in the New York valley described in the book. The idea of the story and the spirit of it soaked into my mind eleven years before I wrote the first chapter."

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Few readers have any notion of what the preparation of a novel means, at least to Mr. Frederic. Five years have gone to the making of his last novel. "After I had got the people of my novel grouped together in my mind," he says, "I set myself the task of knowing everything they knew. As four of them happened to be specialists in different professions, the task has been tremendous. For instance, one of them is a biologist, who, among other things, experiments on Lubbock's and Darwin's lines. Although these pursuits are merely mentioned, I got up masses of stuff on bees and the cross-fertilisation of plants. I had to teach myself all the details of a Methodist minister's work, obligations, and daily routine, and all the machinery of his church. In the case of Father Forbes, who is a good deal more of a pagan than a simple-minded Christian, and loves luxury and learning, I had to study the arts he loves as well as his theology. I have waded in Assyriology and Schopenhauer, pored over palimpsests and pottery, and in order to write understandingly about a musician who figures in the story, I bored a professional friend to death to get technical, musical stuff." The story shapes itself as he goes along, and he writes an elaborate sketch of what is just before him, chapter by chapter, noting down the incidents, the leading bits of conversation, descriptions of characters and localities straight up to the finish; then the book writes itself.

❀

Mr. Frederic seems to have had an early hankering for ink-work, as we find him at the age of eighteen a proof-reader in a newspaper office at Utica, N. Y. There he learned how 'copy' should be turned out. A year after he became a reporter on the staff of the old Utica *Observer*, becoming editor of the paper three years later. In 1882 he was appointed editor of the Albany *Journal*. The first thing he did on that paper, which is one of the most influential dailies in New York State, was to swing its old high tariff Republican sheet out of the party and make it a Free Trade Mugwump paper, practically the first of its kind. It was part of the movement which made Mr. Cleveland first Governor, then President. In 1884 the New York *Times* sent him to London, where he has since remained, doing journalistic work and working on his novels. He does his work in the mornings and afternoons. He has certain days for newspaper work, and certain other days for novel writing, and a certain time every day for reading. He has his working hours and playing hours, and he credits the prodigious amount of work which he gets through to a skilful system of management. Mr. Frederic is a big, masterful man of forty, with the manner of a campaigner and a voice that would suit a commander of legions. He is something of an artist in a small way; indeed, for three or four years he earned his living in America as a retoucher of photographic negatives before he adopted journalism as a profession. He says that when a book is finished he feels sorry, for the pleasure of a novelist's life is living with his characters. When a book is done the people go out into the world, and he loses sight of them and has to begin all over again and create a new set of friends. Mr. Frederic takes great pains with his manuscript. The penmanship is very minute and clear, and as fine as copperplate. The Merriam Company have just published in the Mayfair set Mr. Frederic's story, entitled *Mrs. Albert Grundy, Observances in Philistia*.

❀

Here is an announcement which is enough to make the amiable author of *Tom Jones* turn in his grave. We learn that Mrs. J. M. Fielding, wife of the novelist's grandson, has undertaken a revised and expurgated edition of *Tom Jones* to meet the requirements of modern readers. It will be interesting to note the reception accorded to the volume when it is published. A biography of Fielding will be appended. *Tom Jones* Bowdlerised! Ye gods, think of it!

❀

Messrs. Bangs and Company announce the sale of a library consisting of a large, varied, and valuable collection of books covering a wide range of topics and a long period in the history and practice of the art of printing. The library was the property of the late Henry F. Sewall, of New York City. Mr. Sewall was for many years widely known as a persevering, enthusiastic,

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and intelligent collector. The announcement is sufficient to arouse a feeling of expectant interest in the minds of many booklovers and bookbuyers.

❀

In commenting in *Longman's Magazine* on a recent *Introduction to the Study of American Literature*, Mr. Andrew Lang declares that Cooper "seems to be a good deal neglected now; nobody goes on the trail with Natty Bumpo (*sic*)." It may be that Cooper is neglected in England, but he has not been neglected by all recent British authors, for Robert Louis Stevenson read him and praised him and borrowed from him, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling told an American friend not long ago that he had just been reading Cooper through and through with constantly increasing appreciation. And Cooper is not neglected by the publishers, either in France or in America. In Paris not long ago a sumptuously illustrated translation of the most famous of Cooper's stories was issued uniform with a translation of the most famous of Scott's novels. In the United States, *The Last of the Mohicans* has now been put on the list of books which a boy must read before he can get into college. The Putnams have begun to publish a complete set of his novels, illustrated, and to be known as The Mohawk Edition. T. Y. Crowell and Company have in preparation a new edition of the five Leatherstocking Tales, to be illustrated with full-page photogravures, by Mr. Frank T. Merrill, and to be introduced by a long biographical and critical essay by Professor Brander Matthews.

❀

Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University, writes us to say that in the quotation given in our last number as from a lecture delivered at Harvard, he recognises passages from a lecture of his own, but that they are substantially incomplete and verbally caricatured.

❀

The Fleming H. Revell Company will publish in the autumn a new story by Edna Lyall, entitled *How the Children Raised the Wind*. A cleverly conceived cover design, of which we give a reduced fac-simile, has just been made for this book by Miss Ethel Belle Appel. Miss Appel's name must be added to the list of very clever young artists who are contributing to the renaissance of art in book-making. She was educated in Philadelphia, and has only recently come

to New York, but she has already entered the field with energy.

❀

Mr. John Davidson, whose volume of short stories, entitled *Miss Armstrong's and Other Circumstances*, has just been published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, is reported to be hard at work on the new poems which he intends publishing during the forthcoming autumn season. Although Mr. Davidson has made his reputation in poetry, it may be interesting to know that his first literary efforts were put forth as a story-teller. One of his earliest stories had a rather curious history. It was written at Crieff, in Perthshire, and under the title *Like Father Like Son* went the round of the publishers. It was returned with the remark that the title was already copyrighted. Mr. Davidson next called it *Bred in the Bone*, and sent it on a second wandering, only to be reminded that Mr. James Payn had written a novel of that name. In despair he fixed on the utterly impossible title *Perfervid*, in

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From a drawing by Sickert.

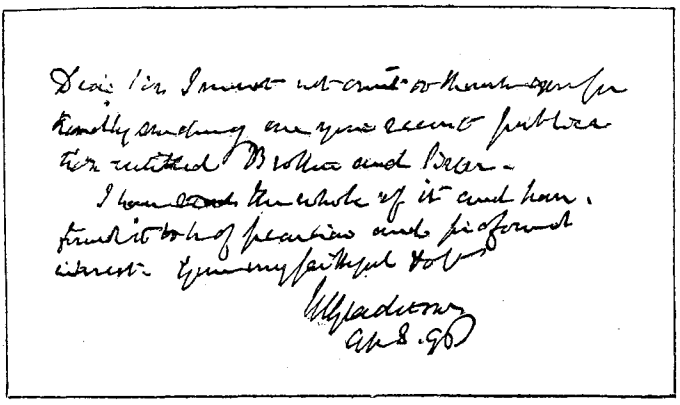
consequence of which, Mr. Davidson laughingly adds, the book has never had a large sale.

❀

Mr. Davidson's first real success was achieved in 1893, when he published *Fleet Street Eclogues*. These have been recently added to and published in their complete form and proper sequence in one volume by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Mr. Davidson has told us how this volume originated. "When I was a teacher in Scotland I had an idea of writing a kind of teachers' calendar on the plan of the old Shepherd's Calendar, but this idea was never carried out. When my father died, however, among the books that came into my possession was a copy of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. As I read it the old idea revived, but I was in London now, and the journalists of Fleet Street seemed closer friends than the teachers of my younger days. So I wrote a journalists' calendar, under the title of *Fleet Street Eclogues*, and every morning before sitting down to my desk I read a chapter of Gibbon." Mr. Davidson says he has never met a more sympathetic and appreciative man than Mr. Grant Allen, who uttered many kind words when he most needed them, but it was Sir Wemyss Reid, of *The Speaker*, who gave him his first chance in London.

❀

The correspondence of Ernest Renan and his sister Henriette, which appeared serially in the *Revue de Paris* last year, has recently been published in a volume entitled *Brother and Sister*, by the Macmillan Company. The story of Henriette Renan reads like a satire on all theories of earthly recompense. Her life was one of heroic effort and self-sacrifice for those she loved, of self-suppression and self-denial, lighted up by a pale and tardy gleam of happiness. In Johnson's fine and sombre phrase she "sought Love—and found him a native of the rocks." In a state of society that puts a premium on hardness, flippancy, and self-advertisement, the study of such a character as hers is not without its value. Mr. Gladstone's singular catholicity is again pleasantly shown by his appreciation of the author of the *Life of Jesus*, and of the sister to whom the book was dedicated in the postal card which he recently sent to Mr. William Heinemann, the English publisher of *Brother and Sister*.



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LESLIE WARD.

"Spy" of *Vanity Fair*.

The June number of *The Windsor Magazine* contains a readable and entertaining paper on "A Visit to *Vanity Fair*," with portraits of artists and a number of cartoons. We have read with especial interest the interview with Mr. Leslie Ward (Spy), who has attained to a long and honourable connection on the staff of *Vanity Fair*. His father, Mr. Edward Matthew Ward, R.A., so much disliked his son's predilection for drawing, that on sending him to Eton he charged the masters to take the pencil out of the young man's hand whenever they caught him indulging the ruling passion. They had to do so, we learn, pretty often. Finally, seeing that his son must follow art in one form or another, Mr. Ward determined that it should be in a very practical way, and accordingly placed him in an architect's office. Oh, how he loathed the bricks and mortar! His introduction to *Vanity Fair* came about in 1873, through Sir John Millais, who mentioned him to Mr. Bowles, the founder of this pioneer of society papers, as a likely man for his caricature work. Mr. Ward submitted the picture of "Old Bones," representing the late Professor Owen, which was accepted. From that time on he has been constantly at work for *Vanity Fair*, with the exception of a year, when he drew for the *Graphic*.

❀

When Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was in London on his second and last visit to England, "Spy" made the famous cartoon of him which accompanies Mrs. Moulton's article in this number. The reproduction has been made from a photograph of the original, copies of which may be had at one dollar from Messrs. Damrell and Upham, Boston, Mass.

❀

Ian Maclaren sails for America on September 16th. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie, will also arrive in this country about the end of September.

❀

If you should happen to be in San

"OLD BONES" (SIR RICHARD OWEN).

"Spy's" first sketch in *Vanity Fair*, March, 1873.

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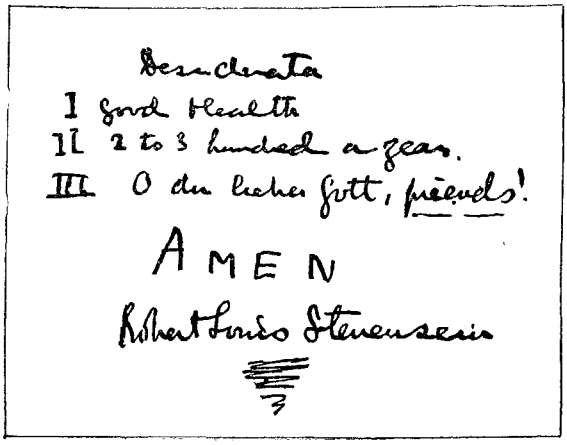
Francisco, and strolling down Market Street looking at the curio and other shops under the Palace Hotel, your attention would probably be attracted by an unusual crowd of people standing in front of a bookseller's window. In the window you would find a shrine, and a placard would meet your eye with "The Works and Portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson" embossed in red and purple, and green and gold, for Mr. William Doxey, who is the bookseller, is a Stevenson enthusiast as well as the publisher of *The Lark*. A great collection of various editions of Stevenson's works, portraits, and other treasures occupy a whole window, which is devoted entirely to Stevensoniana, but the magnet which draws the curious and interested is a letter of Stevenson's, an odd-looking document in his handwriting, which is placed in the centre of the display. "Poor fellow!" one woman was overhead saying as she moved away. "But he is all right now. I guess he has got more than he asked for." This is the document, and when you have read it you will not wonder at the exclamation nor at the tears in her eyes as she spoke.

"I think now, this 5th or 6th of April, 1873, that I can see my future life. I think it will run stiller and stiller year by year, a very quiet, desultorily studious existence. If God only gives me tolerable health, I think now I shall be very happy: work and science calm the mind, and stop gnawing in the brain; and as I am glad to say that I do now recognise that I shall never be a great man, I may set myself peacefully on a smaller journey, not without hope of coming to the inn before nightfall.

O dass mein Leben
Nach diesem Ziel ein ewig Wandeln sey!



The Macmillan Company have just issued a new and sumptuous edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Picturesque Notes of Edinburgh*, with some very fine drawings by Mr. T. Hamilton Crawford. This was one of the very earliest of Stevenson's acknowledged writings, and in its first form it appeared in the *Portfolio* during 1878. In the following year it was published separately in a thin folio, as "*Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of *An Inland Voyage*," which also had appeared in 1878. Although the reviewers spoke favourably of the *Inland Voyage*, they generally ignored the *Picturesque Notes of Edinburgh*, yet these displayed all the qualities of head and heart—all the literary skill which made Stevenson's other writings popular. The book, published in its present form, will doubtless now receive the appreciation which has all along been due to it.

❀

A new authorised and uniform edition of Mr. J. M. Barrie's works is to be published in America by the Messrs. Scribner, uniform with their edition of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Barrie is revising the series, and has selected as the title the "Marget Ogilvy" Edition—after the name of his mother.

❀

In a little guide-book to "Thrums," which has just been published at the *Observer* office, Kirriemuir, by Mr. W. B. Mills, and which is entitled *Through Thrums*, there occurs this interesting note: "In a little school which was wont to exist not many yards from the Auld Licht Kirk, Mr. J. M. Barrie received the rudiments of his education. It was a private seminary, the first school Mr. Barrie attended, and was conducted by two sisters, the Misses Adam. In his charming picture of the Hankey school in *Sentimental Tommy* (now appearing in *Scribner's*), Mr. Barrie has drawn considerably from his memories of this little seat of learning of a vast receding past."

❀

Clive Holland, whose story, *The Lure of Fame*, was noticed in our last issue, in which number also his portrait appeared, is engaged upon a new novel of social life, and has nearly finished another volume of Japanese stories. In some of these

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the charming *Mousmé* of *My Japanese Wife*, a novel which brought him favourably into notice last autumn, is likely to reappear. He has also written a novel dealing with literary life, which will be published in England during the summer by the Messrs. Constable. Mr. Holland is a young Hampshire man of thirty years of age, and resides at Bournemouth. He trained himself in the first instance for a legal career, but like so many other British authors, he drifted into literature through journalism, most of the leading London papers having at one time or another published contributions from his pen.

❀

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Sun* of this city, has always done good work for the cause of higher education by insisting on the claims of classical study. In its issue of June 7th we note that it has given striking evidence of the need of classical training by heading one of its editorials *De Monumentibus*. Another editorial in the same issue contains the following sentence: "Mr. William Ordway Partridge ought to be paid whatever his employers agreed to pay him." Has Mr. Dana abandoned his theory of the passive voice, or are his bright young men merely playing linguistic tricks in the absence of their respected chief?

❀

In the May number of THE BOOKMAN we spoke disrespectfully of the ships depicted in the imaginative drawing, "The Bombardment of Chicago," by Mr. Rufus F. Zogbaum, in *Harper's Weekly*. Now Mr. Zogbaum writes us that ships of this type are numerous in the British Navy, and he thinks that we ought not to call them "tubs." We apologise to Mr. Zogbaum for having cast any reflections on the accuracy of his drawing, but we still think that, in appearance at least, the vessels in question are tubs.

❀

There is an amusing illustration on page 696 of the June *Windsor Magazine*. The legend reads, "A deceased tabby caught him full in the face." The features of the daring young curate who invades "Paradise Court" on a mission of enlightenment to the heathen dwelling there are fully covered in the illustration; but the curiosity about it is that the assailant, caught with the artist's pencil, as it were, in the act, is standing a few yards *behind* his victim. An accompanying illustration on the next page shows the ill-treated cat lying on the ground, not in front of the young clergyman, as one would expect from the previous illustration, but behind him. There is a strange confusion somewhere in the artist's mind.

❀

Mr. Frederic Taber Cooper's interesting article on Gabriele D'Annunzio, in the March number of THE BOOKMAN, has evidently quickened interest in this most gifted of modern Italian novelists. We learn that Messrs. Herbert S. Stone and Company, of Chicago, will publish immediately a translation of his very realistic sketch, *Episcopo and Company*, and we understand that another firm in New York is engaged on a translation of the *Trionfo della Morte*. *Episcopo and Company* formed the leading attraction in the initial numbers of the new *Revue de Paris*. D'Annunzio's reputation rests mainly to-day upon three novels, *Piacere*, which appeared in 1886; *L'Innocente*, which followed it in 1891, and *Trionfo della Morte*, published in 1894. In the last-named novel there are wonderful passages, which, if he had never written anything else, ought to insure his fame as a descriptive writer.

❀

We have seen some of the sheets and illustrations of the new Wormeley *édition de luxe* of Balzac, which the Messrs. Roberts are now engaged upon, and can say with assurance that it will far surpass in its final results any of the editions now in the market. This is to be expected when one remembers that it is the crowning result of some fifteen years of study and labour on the translator's part, and of an immense expenditure on the publishers' part in the two hundred and eighty illustrations by twenty different French artists, and the fine quality of paper, print, and binding which they are contributing to this edition. Messrs. Roberts Brothers have also in the press, and will publish very soon, a translation of the *Poems of Johanna Ambrosius* from the German, about which we have received the following communication from the Rev. Frank Sewall, which we take pleasure in publishing:

EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN:

DEAR SIRS: Since the announcement in the last BOOKMAN of my intention to translate the poems

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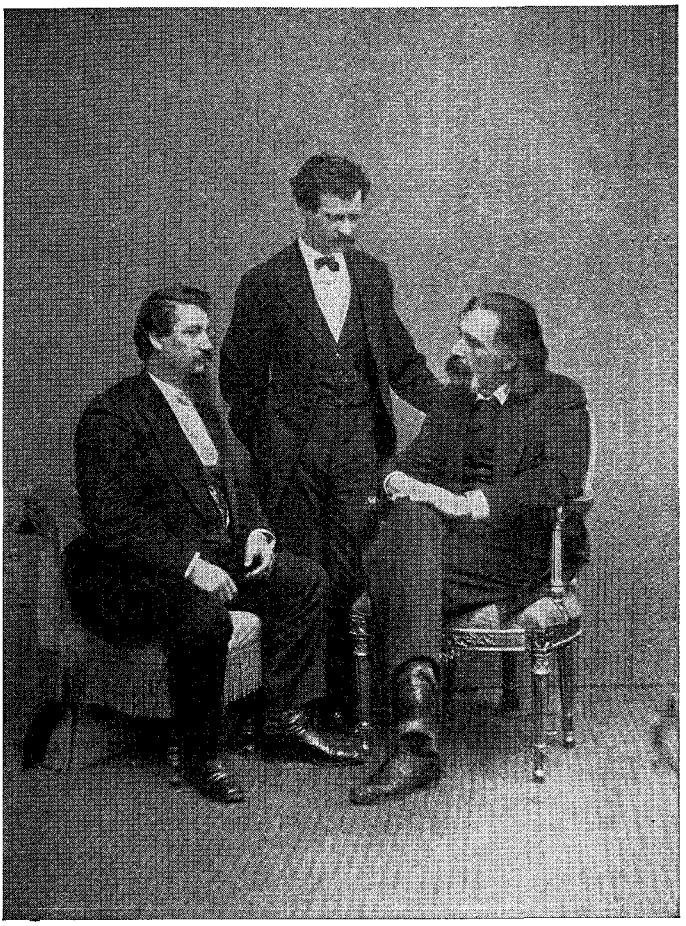

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, MARK TWAIN, AND JOSH BILLINGS.

From a photograph taken by George M. Baker in 1868.

of Johanna Ambrosius, I have learned from Miss Safford that she has the translation of that interesting peasant-poet already well in hand, and has negotiated with Messrs. Roberts Brothers for its publication. I cheerfully withdraw my proposed volume, and congratulate the public on the prospect of seeing the work done by such able hands.

❀

Readers of the June number of *McClure's* will notice a striking resemblance between the accompanying portrait of three eminent American humourists, and one that appeared in that magazine (page 75). The *McClure* portrait is said to be "from a photograph taken by H. J. Smith in 1868," and comes from San Francisco. Now Mark Twain reached New York in 1867, and published his first book, *The Jumping Frog, and Other Sketches*. It was either in 1868 or 1869, before his tour of Europe or just after his return, but certainly before the publication of *Innocents Abroad*, during the latter year, that Mark Twain, Josh Billings, and Petroleum V. Nasby arrived in Boston. For a week they hung around the old book house of Messrs. Lee and Shepard, and wrought havoc with business order and discipline by their merry quips and jests. Mr. George M. Baker, who was with this firm at that time, and is well known to the book trade, took some photographs of the happy trio, which he afterwards offered for sale, and it is from one of these, discovered by the writer when recently in Boston, that the portrait herewith reproduced is taken—a different sitting being given as a variant to that declared in *McClure's* to have been taken by H. J. Smith.

❀

"Ada Cambridge" will publish shortly, through the Messrs. Appleton, a new novel, entitled *A Humble Enterprise*. "Ada Cambridge" is the *nom de guerre* of Mrs. Cross, the wife of an Australian clergyman. Her first story, *The Three Miss Kings*, published some years ago, is as delightful and entertaining a piece of fiction as has appeared within the last decade. Mrs. Cross is a writer of fiction of a very high order.

❀

The sea stories which appeared in the *Idler* over the pens of S. R. Crockett, Gilbert Parker, Harold Frederic, Quiller-Couch, and Clark Russell, and which attracted a great deal of attention in England while they were appearing, will be published in the autumn under the title *Tales of Our Coast*. The

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book will be illustrated by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, and published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

❀

The friends and admirers of Maarten Maartens—who certainly cannot be accused of writing himself out—will read with much satisfaction the beautiful little sketch by him in the last number of *Cosmopolis*. "The Notary's Love Story" is admirably written, and is the latest contribution from his pen. Through ill-health Maarten Maartens has had to abstain from literary work for a long period, but there are signs that his genius is developing and that his best books are yet to be written.

❀

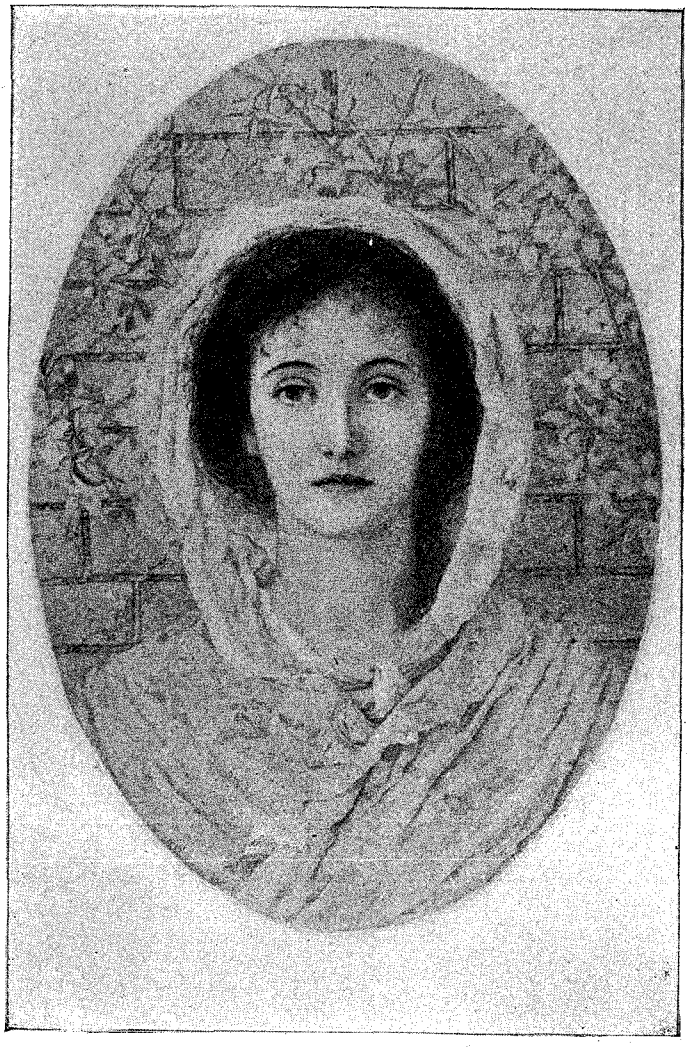
Mrs. Oliphant, who spent the greater part of the winter in Paris, has recently moved to the pretty Wimbledon Common. She is at present busily engaged on her *History of the House of Blackwood*.

❀

Mr. Andrew Lang's *Life of John Gibson Lockhart*, upon which he has been engaged for some time, will be published in October. The book, which will emphasise Lockhart's gifts as an artist by producing a number of prints, also promises to add largely to our knowledge of Scott as well as of his son-in-law.

❀

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's *Search for the Golden Girl* has been pronounced by those who have seen the proof-sheets to be by far his best work. It will be published in September next. A new volume of his *Prose Fancies*, to include his recent contributions to *The Yellow Book*, will appear about the same time.



MRS. F. W. H. MYERS.

From a pencil sketch by Frank Miles.

We understand, by the way, that Messrs. Copeland and Day will discontinue the publication of *The Yellow Book*. The literature of this quarterly is better now than ever, yet since Aubrey Beardsley dropped out of it, its popular vogue seems to have declined.

❀

Among art photographers of the day, Mrs. F. W. H. Myers, the wife of the charming poet and essayist, is said to stand alone. Her portraits are full of a strong individuality, and she has been exceptionally fortunate in her sitters. As John Addington Symonds once ob-

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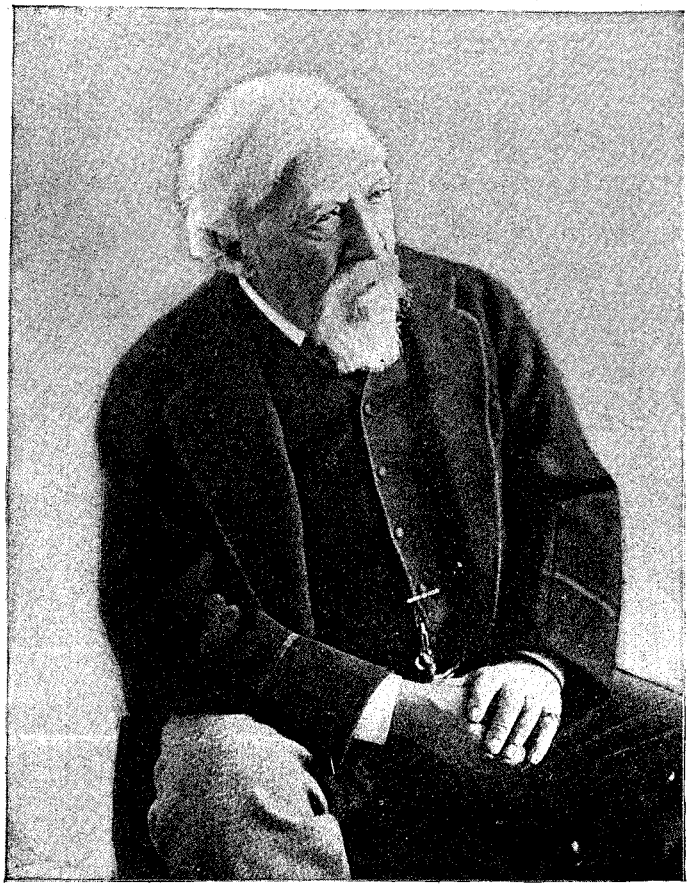

ROBERT BROWNING.

From a photograph by Mrs. Myers taken before his departure for Italy shortly before his death.

served in an interesting analysis of Mrs. Myers's work, "A good photographic portrait has great documentary value, a deeper psychological veracity than the best of paintings. . . . No national portrait gallery ought to exist without photographs of eminent men and women." According to Mr. Symonds, the photograph of Robert Browning, taken by Mrs. Myers, which we herewith reproduce, and which is one of the latest photographs of him done before his departure for Italy, will be forever precious to those who knew the poet in his vigorous old age. Mrs. Myers says that Mr. Browning was one of the most excellent subjects that she ever had, he was so thoroughly natural, kind, and sympathetic. We also give a photograph which she took of Mr. Gladstone, as it is believed to be the only one in which Mr. Gladstone has been taken smiling. The capture was made while the Grand Old Man was occupied with a cup of tea and off his guard; which fact explains Mrs. Myers's success, as he is usually so overanxious to please the photographer that it is far from easy to get a natural and unstrained portrait of him.

❀

In the last number of THE BOOKMAN, under the illustration of the *pensionnat* at Brussels, where Charlotte Brontë studied, we stated that her master, M. Heger, was still alive. Since then we learn that he died on May 6th, aged eighty-seven. For a long time he has been practically dead to the world, but he was in his best years a very brilliant man and a teacher of fascinating power.

❀

We notice with pleasure that Messrs. Way and Williams will issue shortly Mrs. Meynell's little book of essays, entitled *The Colour of Life*. Messrs. Copeland and Day have already published a volume of her essays under the title of *The Rhythm of Life*, and also of her *Poems*. Our next issue will contain an appreciation of Mrs. Meynell's peculiar literary characteristics.

❀

Our esteemed contributor, Mr. Arthur Hornblow, has signed a contract to write a new play for Mr. A. M. Palmer. He has also joined the staff on the dramatic department of *Leslie's Weekly*. The portrait and autograph of Émile Zola appearing on another page are reproduced through the kindness of Mr. Hornblow. Zola's new novel, *Rome*,

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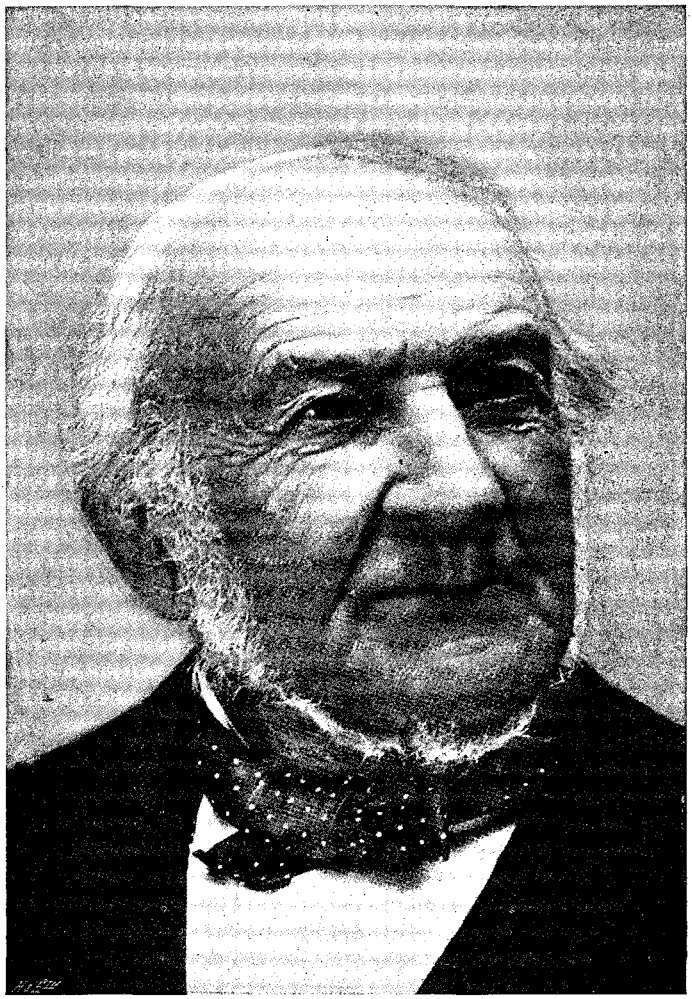
has just been published by the Macmillan Company, and will be reviewed in our next number.

❀

We hear that there is to be a translation made of that most pleasing "ouvrage couronné," *Lettres d'un Curé de Campagne*. This delightful book was the unanimous choice of the Academy in the year of its "coronation," and it has enjoyed a very large sale in France. The story is quite simple, absolutely unromantic, yet real and fascinating beyond any recent work of the kind. Its author is M. Yves le Querdec, whose *Lettres d'un Curé de Canton* has found many friends. Mr. William Heinemann will be the publisher.

❀

The entertaining chronicler of "Small Talk" in the London *Sketch* emits a chronic grumble, with which the editor relieves his boredom betimes. "I don't think people have any conception of the demands made on an editor. I have before me a letter from a man in Kansas which would fill a whole volume of this journal, offering a manuscript entitled *Yon; or, The Mystery of Life—The Way the World Goes Round*. He puts a series of queries to me as to what I think of it. 'Every word in the book,' he modestly tells me, 'is a good sentence, every sentence is a good page, and every page is a good book, and the whole book is a wonderful volume of knowledge,' and he winds up by assuring me that if I don't think much of his manuscript (which he has not sent), I am showing a 'lack of business interest.'" The revelation which is herein made to the public is by no means a remarkable, but rather a common experience of editors, and even within the brief period of THE BOOKMAN'S history, were we to recount similar experiences, we could a tale unfold—but charity suffereth long and is kind.



HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.
From a photograph by Mrs. Myers.

❀

The author of that powerful story *Into the Highways and Hedges*, published a year ago, has just issued, through the Messrs. Appleton, a new story, which well sustains the reputation which her first book gained for her. Miss Montrésor is of a very retiring disposition, and has shunned the publicity which the ubiquitous interviewer has sought to

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give her. She belongs to an old Norman family, and she has the vitality and brilliance of the cleverest French women. Her family has long, however, been settled in England. It is interesting to notice that Miss Montrésor has a special admiration for Victor Hugo and for Henri Greville, whose *Cité Ménard* gives a remarkably vivid picture of certain phases of Parisian life. She is also fond of German literature, and mentions Georg Ebers as one of her favourite authors, but she thinks that Germany is at present sadly in want of a novelist. Being asked whether she had any intention of attempting an historical story, she replied in the negative. Hardly any books, she thinks, can be so difficult to write as historical novels, and second-rate novels are tedious to the last degree.

❀

Into the Highways and Hedges was not one of the hastily written novels which are turned out by hundreds every season; the author spent the greater part of eight years in polishing and perfecting the style. The book was offered to a number of publishers, and indeed before it was ultimately accepted, she had entirely rewritten the story and made it very much shorter. In its original state it was at least twice as long as when finally submitted to the publishers. The scene of the story is laid in Lancashire. The character of the hero, Barnabas, Miss Montrésor says, is not drawn from life, as has been supposed, but she was at great pains to secure accuracy in the setting of his career. Miss Montrésor thinks that her picture of Newgate life is not in the least exaggerated. She gathered much of her information from the biography of Elizabeth Fry, but she also carefully studied the prison reports of the period. We think that the account of Barnabas's victory over the rough prisoners, and the influence he gradually gained over their minds, the most fascinating scene in the entire book. Curiously enough she had no intention of writing a religious novel in the ordinary sense of the word, nor is *Into the Highways and Hedges* an ordinary religious novel. It is quite non-sectarian in its spirit, and Miss Montrésor's subsequent work, though profoundly spiritual, has nothing to do with religious problems. Miss Montrésor believes there is at present a strong reaction in favour of pure and wholesome fiction, and those who have had the good fortune to read her charming stories must feel that she has taken at a bound a foremost place among this class of writers.

❀

Miss Montrésor, by the way, makes a curious little break in *False Coin or True*. In the opening pages of Chapter XI. Monsieur Moréze has his right arm amputated, and at the close of the same chapter we read that "he sat down and his head dropped in his *hands*."

❀

In his "Rambling Remarks," in the *British Weekly* of May 21st, the "Man of Kent" passes some rather severe strictures on Rudyard Kipling's recent litigation with his troublesome relative. "Mr. Rudyard Kipling's dispute with his brother-in-law makes an extremely ridiculous and unfortunate story. I

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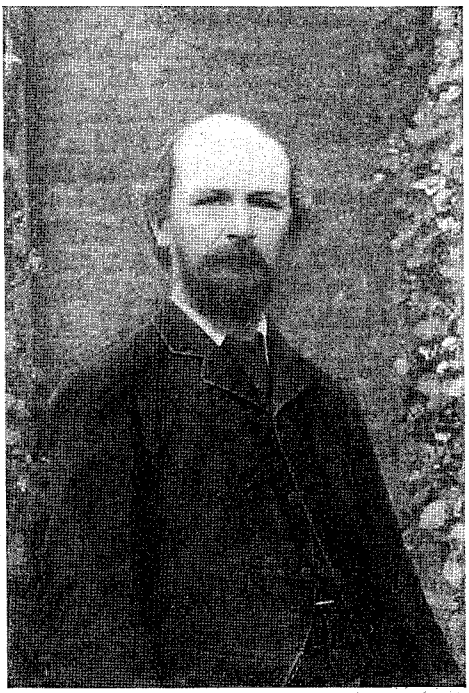
cannot understand the statement that Mr. Kipling promised his late brother-in-law, Mr. Wolcott Balestier, that he would take care of the huge being whose threats threw him into such terror. Mr. Wolcott Balestier died quite recently and unexpectedly, when Mr. Kipling was at the ends of the earth. He could not have given him any dying charge, and certainly those who knew Mr. Wolcott Balestier never imagined that he was likely to die early; and judging by the extent and variety of his plans, he by no means imagined it himself. In any case, the other Mr. Balestier seems to have grown too large for Mr. Kipling to take care of him. Considering that Mr. Kipling is such a great military poet, he should have treated the situation as Artemus Ward treated it: 'He was larger than We—and We forgave him.'"

❀

The success which the Century Company have had with *The Century Book for Young Americans*, showing how a party of boys and girls, who knew how to use their eyes and ears, found out all about the Government of the United States, has led them to engage Mr. Brooks to write a new book of the same sort, to be entitled *The Century Book of Famous Americans*. Mr. Brooks has just returned from a tour throughout the United States, in which he has been accompanied by the same fictitious party that figured in the previous book, of which, by the way, over 20,000 copies have been sold

❀

Success seems to have come to the modest author of *The Invisible Playmate* as a pleasant surprise, judging by the following interesting facts. It appears that after printing the first edition in London the types were immediately distributed, and when the demand exhausted the edition the little volume had to be set up again. A number of the rhymes have also been set to music and published as songs. The fortunes of the little book were more chequered in this country. Publisher after publisher declined it, and when at length it was accepted an unfortunate series of accidents delayed its publication nearly a couple of years. Its appreciation, however, is now secure, and will insure a welcome for Mr. Canton's new book, entitled *W. V., Her*



A. C. Swinburne

Book and Various Verses, which Messrs. Stone and Kimball have just issued in dainty form. A notice of the book appears on another page. Nothing so thoroughly genuine and characteristic of child life, with the exception of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age*, has appeared for many years.

❀

Mr. Swinburne's new poem, *The Tale of Balen*, which the Messrs. Scribner have just published, is the most important work that has been written by the poet in several years. It is based on Sir Thomas Malory's old story, and both in scheme and method the poem is an entirely new manifestation of Mr. Swinburne's genius. But the poetic gift of lasting youth keeps the likeness strong between the early and the later Swinburne; though youthfulness would better express this quality, for not only are grace and agility his still, but so is the undisciplined spirit. He very early came to his own maturity—to maturity in a general sense he never will come. He has nothing exactly new to reveal to us in his latest volume, but song is a note of subtle tones rather than of many

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subjects. The power that has been especially and consistently his is not the power of conceiving and gathering wisdom. He is rather a flasher of light, a stirrer of men's eyelids to awaken them to a sense of the presence of visions outside him and the beauty of wisdom conceived by others, by virtue of which he exercises the most special function of the poet. The book is dedicated to the poet's mother in the following lines :

"Love that holds life and death in fee,
Deep as the clear unsounded sea
And sweet as life or death can be,
Lays here my hope, my heart, and me,
Before you, silent, in a song.
Since the old wild tale, made new, found grace,
When half sung through, before your face,
It needs must live a springtide space,
While April suns grow strong."

❀

Mr. Coulson Kernahan makes an amusing reply to a charge of plagiarism in that beautiful and forcible little book of his, *God and the Ant*. He thanks his correspondent for calling attention to the curious similarity of a passage in his book to one in Richard Baxter's work, *The Saints' Rest*. "Bad as my booklet may be," says Mr. Kernahan, "it is hardly fair to put the blame upon Baxter. 'Alas, poor Baxter!' I cannot add with Hamlet, 'I knew him well, Horatio,' for, to my shame be it said, I have never read *The Saints' Rest*. Did you ever know an author who *had* read the book he was accused of plagiarising?" Mr. Kernahan's home at Westcliff-on-the-Sea, Essex, is called "Thrums," in honour of Mr. Barrie, who is a very dear friend and admirer of his.

❀

Mr. Kernahan will be remembered by his first book, *A Dead Man's Diary*, which appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* some years ago, and which was so popular at the time that over a dozen pirated editions were published in America. A curious incident occurred in connection with this book while it was appearing in *Lippincott's*. An English university man actually announced a book by the author of *A Dead Man's Diary*, and got fifty pounds for it in advance. Afterward an injunction in Chancery was procured, and the whole edition destroyed. Another book of his, which was very successful, is *A Book of Strange Sins*. Mr. Kernahan is not, as these titles would suggest, a man of gloom, who simply delights in penetrating the world of shades; he is a genial and agreeable young Irishman, and is a great favourite with his literary *confrères* in London. His new story, which will be published in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, is sensational to the last degree, and concerns itself largely with the fortunes of a Captain Shannon, a supposed contriver of the dynamite outrages in London some years ago. His style in this book is quite different from that of anything which Mr. Kernahan has yet done. It will probably appear in serial form before being published as a book in the autumn.

❀

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, to whom, by the way, Mr. Kernahan dedicated his *Book of Strange Sins*, had the misfortune to break her arm some six weeks ago, and in consequence had to postpone her visit to England, where she was to have arrived the first week in June. She has now almost recovered from the effects of her fall, and will sail on June 27th. Mrs. Moulton will be the guest of Lady Seton in London during the summer.

❀

Mr. William Le Queux has just retired from all active journalistic work, and gone to live in a quaint Sussex village, one of the most picturesque spots in the South of England. Most of his time will be devoted to the writing of books, having contracts with publishers sufficient to engage him during the next three years. He hopes to publish two new adventure stories in the autumn, one of which will deal with the Ashanti kingdom under King Prempeh. For the past six years Mr. Le Queux, up to the date of his resignation a few weeks ago, was sub-editor of the London *Globe*. He has done an enormous amount of work for various London daily papers during the last eight years, and his recent articles on Russian subjects to the London *Times* attracted a good deal of attention. He will still act as special correspondent for the *Globe* from time to time in various parts of Europe, and will also retain his position as a reviewer.

❀

It will not surprise readers of *Almayer's Folly*, that remarkable novel, where wild

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nature and strange humanity are so powerfully portrayed, to learn that its author has led an adventurous life. It is as unmistakably a book of a wanderer who has lived far from the ways and the atmosphere of European capitals as Pierre Loti's exotic romances. An unfamiliar quality in its tone, too, which now expresses itself as poetry and now is too vaguely illusive for Occidental readers to grasp very easily, aroused a curiosity as to its origin. Perhaps the unfamiliarity is explained by the fact that Mr. Conrad, for all his skilful adoption of our language, is not an Englishman.

❀

Mr. Joseph Conrad is a Pole by birth, and his early years were spent in Poland. From at least two generations he inherited a keen interest in literature, but his ancestors were men of action too. His grandfather was in Napoleon's *Grand Armée*, and his father attached himself to the revolutionary movement in Poland, and suffered imprisonment for his opinions. Indeed, we believe that Conrad and his mother shared the confinement. After his father's release and his mother's death, he accompanied his father to Warsaw, where the latter also died. At the age of thirteen he found his way to Paris, drifted to Marseilles, thence into a merchant house, and afterward to a seafaring life. As a merchant seaman he has gone through all the grades, and is now full captain of English marines. He has served in most quarters of the globe, but chiefly in the Pacific and on the Borneo coast, and has commanded a steamer on the Congo. Mr. Conrad recently married an English lady, and is now living quietly in France with a view to further literary work. During all his active, wandering life literature has always had a fascination for him, though he has let the world see none of the experiments that prepared the way for *Almayer's Folly*, and his new novel, *The Outcast of the Island*, which has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Appleton and Company. If Mr. Conrad meets with the success which he undoubtedly deserves his seafaring days are probably over.

❀

About the same time as Mr. Conrad's *Almayer's Folly* was published, a volume of weird and delightful sketches, describing the same mysterious corner of the universe, appeared under the title *Malay Sketches*, and was reviewed, together with *Almayer's Folly*, in THE BOOKMAN last August. Mr. Frank Athelstane Swettenham, the author of these sketches, was recently appointed to the office of Resident-General of the protected Malay States, and has just returned to the East to take up his extended duties after a short stay in London. As to Mr. Swettenham's capability as a ruler, his work in Malâya during the last twenty-five years is sufficient witness. For proof of his skill to interpret the land of his adoption, one has only to turn to his sympathetic volume.

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD.

❀

Yale announces a new prize to be offered for a poem having for its subject something pertaining to history or art. The competition is to be open to all members of the University, and will thus be unique in this country, although the custom has been long established abroad, especially at Oxford. The judges of the reward are to be Edmund Clarence Stedman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Francis Fisher Browne.

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HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

Bunner and I would have nothing to do with each other for years. It was a case of reciprocal Dr. Fell. We did not like each other, and we neither of us could tell the reason why. We met constantly at the theatres—we were both enthusiastic "First-nighters"—but we never looked at each other if we could help it, and, of course, we never spoke. We had many friends and acquaintances in common, and very often we escaped an introduction by the merest chance, or by the most elaborate mutual avoidance. He always thought of me, when he permitted himself to think of me, as "Playbill Hutton," because of my interest in, and my collection of, theatre programmes; and I never allowed myself to think of him at all. The reason why I cannot imagine now. At last, one night we were thrown violently at each other. It was in 1878, at a large reception. I knew almost nobody. Bunner knew everybody. He saw my situation, which was trying—an outsider among a large party of intimates—and too loyal to his hosts, and instinctively too much of a gentleman to see a man neglected in that house, or a stranger in any house wandering about forlorn and alone, he came up and asked me if I would smoke a cigarette and take a glass of sherry in the dining-room. And from that moment we were friends. We never passed each other by again.

When my mother died, and I lived alone for some years, I never dined alone at home. James O'Brien, at one time steward of the Arcadian Club, had taken a lease of the restaurant in the Westmoreland Hotel, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Seventeenth Street, and there, when I had no other engagement, I took my evening meal. Bunner began to drop in now and then, and later more regularly. Finally our nightly meeting became an established custom; a large round table in the bay-window was reserved for us—always—and one or both of us was very sure to be found at it. When this fact became generally known, many of the bright young journalists of his acquaintance made it their trysting-place after dinner, if not at dinner; and good was the talk that round table heard. Mr. Matthews, who lived in Eighteenth Street, not far away, would look in after his (then little) daughter had gone to

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bed ; and among the men we saw and heard there were Mr. Clarence C. Buel, Mr. John Moran, Mr. James L. Ford, Mr. Edgar Fawcett, Mr. Henry Gallup Paine, Mr. Francis Saltus, Mr. Munkitrick, Mr. George Edgar Montgomery, Mr. William J. Henderson, Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, Mr. Julian Magnus, Mr. E. A. Watrous, and many others who have made their names, or who have dropped out of our ken.

All this had an end for me when I married in 1885, and for Bunner when he married shortly after.

Bunner and I went often together to the theatres during this period ; we were members together of The Authors Club, of the International Copyright League, of The Kinsmen ; and in common we had many tastes and interests. He read me in advance all the poems, afterward collected together as the *Airs from Arcady*. We talked for hours over " Love in Old Clothes," the best, perhaps, of his tales, and a little bit of work which cost him infinite care, and thought, and labour. He was then helping to establish the edition of *Puck* in English—now a power in the land—and working hard at it. He was very quick of insight, and remarkably ready of utterance and expression, even in verse. I remember stopping one day into the *Puck* office, then in a cross street off lower Broadway, to lunch with him by appointment. As we were going out of the editorial rooms the printer's devil entered with a process-picture of a commonplace young woman, to illustrate which Bunner was asked to contribute a " stickful" of text —and at once. He lighted a fresh cigarette, stepped up to somebody else's desk, and, more rapidly than I could have copied them out, set down sixteen or twenty rhythmical lines which would scan and would parse, and were very fair " poetry"—as such things go. He did not sign them ; and he said lightly that that was an every-day occurrence and of no moment.

Bunner was equally ready with his occasional poems of dedication, inscription, or the like. In one of his own books he wrote, under date January 25th, 1885, and a month or two before my marriage :

" The New Year's not too old, my friend,
To wish a wish for you,
That the fire may ne'er grow cold, my friend,
That now shall shine for two.
The flame for kindly friendship set
Shall blaze for Love the higher yet,
Or be the heavens wintry wet,
Or Summer blue."

And in our Guest-Book he transcribed the following impromptu lines some ten years later :

TO LARRY HUTTON.

You may write it LAURENCE, all you please,
Your name to Fame to marry ;
But you're only whistling down the breeze,
For folks will call you LARRY.
And if the reason you inquire,
I'll tell you all I know ;
Why is Joseph Jefferson, Esquire,
Called Jo?

You may spell your LAURENCE with a U,
Till it's Scotch as a green glengarry,
But other folks are naming too ;
And your name they say is LARRY.
And if you're curious in the least
To know what that comes from ;
Why was T. Bowling, late deceased,
Called TOM?

H. C. BUNNER.

October 19, 1893.

He and Mr. Telford and I spent together, at the Westmoreland and in Bunner's rooms, the last evening of my single life. He had heard that luck would be insured if the groom, on the occasion of his marriage, would wear " something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue." He urged, therefore, my appearance next day in a pair of socks, procured especially by him for me. One was absolutely unworn, the other had seen service and was darned. But they were both *blue*. And I *must borrow* them. Mr. Telford, I remember, loaned me a necktie for the same purpose ; and both of those dear boys were married, when their time came, in something blue that was borrowed from me.

Mrs. Bunner I knew as Miss Alice Learned long before she was his wife. Happy was the day for him, and happy for her, when she became Mrs. Henry Bunner. We sent to her at New London a travelling-clock as a wedding gift, to which I attached a card bearing these lines :

" For Old Times' sake
Will you and H. C. B.
At this time take
The Time from mine and me?

" Time is, Time was,
Let Time be old or new,
The Times for us
Are High Old Times with you."

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To this, in equally powerful verse, Miss Learned replied :

" I lack the time, in spite of time from you,
To write the heartfelt thanks I feel are due.
But every passing hour, while time endures,
Shall speak to me and mine, of you and yours."

And he and his and I and mine had many happy times together for many years. There never was a break or the shadow of a break in our friendship. He was very strong in his likes and in his dislikes—often without good reason. And I like to think now that, when we came to know each other, he always liked me, whatever his reason may have been. A more disinterestedly loyal man to his friends I never met, nor a man more devotedly attached to his own family. He was always sympathetic, always ready to help, always full of encouragement, never sparing of his words of praise for the work of others. His laugh was hearty and contagious, and how quick was his appreciation of everything that was good all the world who reads can tell. He was an excellent listener, and he was an admirable talker upon all sorts of subjects, grave and gay. He had an unusual knowledge of books and of their contents, particularly of the works of the poets, ancient and modern. He quoted readily, correctly, appropriately, and at length ; and if one wanted to remember a line or a sonnet of any of the half-forgotten men of the period of the very beginning of English verse, Bunner could always say where it was, whose it was, and exactly what it was, and why.

As in the case of many of the brilliant men with whom I have been lucky enough to have come into intimate contact, I have, unfortunately, let most of Bunner's best talk fly up the chimney. I dreaded to appear as a chiel among them taking notes, and the happy thoughts, the flashes of wit, the bright turns of expression, the bits of epigram and of wisdom I would now give much to have preserved went out into the thin air long ago, and melted away.

Only a few of Bunner's best words can I recall now. He used to say that he read the *Sun* because he wanted the news. He did not want to know what the *Tribune* wanted him to know ; he did not want to know what the *Times* did not know and had not found out. He wanted the news !

And one of the most touching and pathetic incidents in his career is the story of his Lost Joke. It was in the old days of our Westmoreland *café* life, when, in my absence, Bunner found but one man at the table—a fellow of a peculiarly clear mind. He asked Bunner some simple question, as " Did you come up-town in the Fourth Avenue or Sixth Avenue Line ?" To which Bunner replied in an equally commonplace way, as, " No, I walked." Bunner, at the end of many years, could remember neither the question nor the answer nor the nature of them ; but the words he uttered, whatever they may have been, were received with shouts of laughter. Bunner did not know why, and he never knew why. He saw nothing funny in them—at that time or later. And he entirely forgot what they were and what prompted them. But his interlocutor pronounced it the best thing that Bunner had ever said, and he laughed over it until he wept, and then he laughed again. It was to him the acme of humorous expression. He was too diffident to repeat it, whatever it was, because he thought that Bunner said it intentionally, and wanted him to say it in his turn, and so, somehow, commit himself ; and he never told it ; and he is dead ; and Bunner never discovered the joke on his own account. He was very miserable at the thought that his most sublime effort of wit was unrecognised by himself, and went into the ear of the only man who ever heard it and who ever appreciated it, and was there kept forever from Bunner and the rest of the world. And poor Bunner could not even think what it was about.

It is a subject for a tragedy, but it has never been written.

We had " high old times" with the Bunners some eight or nine years later in London. It was their first visit to the Old World ; and I had much pleasure in taking them about the town I loved so well, although my own pleasure, I am afraid, was greater than his. He had developed symptoms of a rabid Anglophobic nature, and the present-day Englishman seemed to be stepping upon every sensitive nerve in his system. He had succeeded in fretting all the skin off his mental body, and he was never so happy as when he could taunt some Englishman into rubbing salt into his wounds. He left St. Paul's Cathe-

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dral in disgust because upon the monument to Cornwallis there was every allusion to that person's worth, his valour, and his victories, and no reference whatever to the important fact (to us), but not creditable (to him), that he had surrendered his sword to Washington at Yorktown! At Westminster, Bunner rebelled against the great crowd of men in the Abbey who were nobodies but princes or royal dukes. He was impressed, however, at standing so close to the mortal parts of so many immortal men, and he was subdued and respectful as we sat in the Poets' Corner. "There are some good and great Englishmen, after all, Harry," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "there are three classes of Englishmen whom I can endure—the Irish, the Scotch, and the dead!"

Bunner was a poor correspondent, not fond of writing or of answering letters, even after he learned to dictate. But when he did write, he wrote as he talked and as he felt, directly from the heart. Some of his personal notes to me, covering a period of nearly twenty years, may serve to show to those who knew him only as the editor of *Puck* and as the author of the *Midge* and of many pieces of charming verse what sort of man this Bunner was to his friends:

NUTLEY, August 28, 1891.

I am just back from Canada, and I don't care who calls me an Englishman so long as nobody calls me a French Canadian. That would call for bloodshed.

All the same, Quebec is the delight of my liver, and the hostelry of Dennis O'Hare is the Home of my Heart. That is where "the whole house, sorr, is mo-hogany; and none but the gintry lives in this quarter. No, sorr—onless *this* house—only gintlemen, sorr!"

I have brought you a little copper-plate, torn from a book, of William Charles Macready, in armour, mighty prodigious; the old *Albion* print of Ellen Tree, as Ion, in all her legs; and a picture of Napoleon, not in your collection, I think. It is a hand-painted print published about Waterloo time, showing N. B. mounted on a prancing charger, leading on his troops to ignominious defeat.

The Missus joins me to-morrow. She is at New London gathering in the children.

Why can't you and Mrs. Hutton leave the inclement heights of Onteora, and come and frivol with us for a space at Nutley? You shall have all the rooms you want, and every opportunity to loaf or to work, as may please you.

Please, Mrs Hutton, make him say yes! . . . . Now what is the matter with finishing up the season at Nutley? If you want to be busy I can be busy too. Give our love to your Lady, and suggest to her this means of breaking off the Onteora habit.

February 5, 1892.

It is an elegant gilt-edged joy to catch *you* on an unanswered letter; but coming across this sheet of paper reminds me that I sent you its fellow some time in August or September, a few days after my return from Quebec, telling you I had picked up three aged prints in that city, which I thought would please your fancy, and that they were lying in the office waiting to know whether they should go to you to Thirty-fourth Street or to Onteroarer.

Since then various events, including seven grips under our humble roof, have conspired to make me forget the three gems of art. One is Miss Ellen Tree, in a dress-reform skirt; one is W. C. Macready, thirsting for somebody's gore; and the third is a Napoleon, which will give your collection the jim-jams. I will mail them to you.

I was very sorry that we couldn't hit off with Mr. [Ripley] Anthony. The more so, that I had seen his picture at the Academy, and had taken a great shine to it. But I'm afraid our style of penwork was a little too stiff for him. In fact, if a man does that kind of work, he can't do anything else. But *he* can paint; there is no doubt about that!

How are you all? We are well and I am working. I have a sort of a novelette on hand, two or three short stories, and some other stuff; but of course I am away behind with everything since that grip hit me.

I brought me *The Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh*, and I read them too. What are you going to Landmark next? You can't do much with New York, but you can do something with the suburbs—Sunnyside, Yonkers, Long Island Sound, Roslyn, etc. It would probably not be used as a hand-book by a throng of eager tourists, but it would make mighty interesting reading. And it would give you a chance to become as familiar with the outskirts of the city you live in as you are familiar with the outskirts of London and other second-hand towns. And when you push your way up the Passaic Valley, where Irving, and Hoffman, and their crowd used to sport, and where Frank Forester lived on a desert island, you might push a little farther, and come and see a fellow named Bunner, who lives up that way, in the House of Spare Bedrooms. He is said to be of an amiable and thirsty disposition.

Mr. Samuel Pepys was cut for the stone, at Mr. Turner's, in Salisbury Court, on March 26th, 1658, and he never missed an annual opportunity of reverting to the agreeable subject. It may interest you to know that January 16th, 1892, was the first anniversary of my swearing off on cigarettes; and that whereas in January of 1891 my trousers were 32 waist measurement, they are now 34, and I take great comfort in a pipe.

We've vaccinated a baby to-day. We keep a pig, two dogs, two cats, and we are contemplating a donkey; the dogs are mixed in their ancestry, but they do not bite.

With our united love we are yours,

H. C. B. & Co.

Under date of November 19th, 1893, he wrote:

I am in for anything to do Irving honour, in the Kinsmen or out. I think he ought to get a

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laurel wreath, in silver, or some such enduring tribute this trip; for his "Becket" is one of the biggest things I ever saw, and, besides, he deserves great credit for being an Englishman, and yet conducting himself white; which must be the toughest job in the way of acting that any man ever undertook. Nor have I any objection to doing a little of the work—what little I *can* do as a hard-worked suburban.

I wish, also, you would think very thinkingly about doing something for Brander, and in a general way, too; not through any one club, or through the college, or through any magazine gang. He has been good to all sorts of people, and they ought all to have a chance to get back at him. As far as I know, he has never had any sort of dinner given to him—outside of private affairs, I mean—except that little one we gave him at the Brunswick, almost ten years ago.

We ought to do something very good, and not in the least bit *cliquey*, for him. To do that, I will work all you please, and will, if necessary, come into town to do the work.

Love from ourn to yourn.

This led to the very successful dinner given to Mr. Matthews at Sherry's in the month of December, 1893. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner presided; Mark Twain, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Howells, and Professor Sloane, of Princeton, spoke. And Bunner himself, who read a tender and characteristic poem, was as happy over it all, and as proud, as if he had been the guest of the occasion.

NUTLEY, February 3, 1894.

In compliance with the terms of the circular, just received, concerning the supper of The Kinsmen, I enclose you my check for "Four Dollars without wine." I am glad that I am not required to send wine with the check, for I doubt if I could find any dry enough to pass the United States Post Office, as permissible mail matter.

I saw Bunner a week or so before he went to California, when I was more than shocked at his condition. He never had enough physical strength to support his active brain, and he was very feeble, although in many ways he was the same old Bunner. We parted at the little station at Nutley, and as the train passed on he waved a cheerful "God be with you." But my vision was blurred, and I saw him dimly through my tears.

We met for the last time but a little while before the end came. He had not lost his indomitable spirit, and he was full of hope. He told me the plots of stories he intended to write, spoke of his plans for future work, and, as he himself expressed it, he was determined to "pull through."

I wonder when and how soon we are to meet again?

Much more could be said of Bunner. This is not the time or the place. The last word will be spoken perhaps by one who knew him better than I did—by one who will miss him even more.

Laurence Hutton.

MEMORIES.

Above the busy world at dusk I know
  Each day an hour of happiness complete,
  For then I sit within the window-seat
And dream of home, and Her, and long ago.
The silence in the city far below,
  The sunset as it glorifies the street,
  Each to my homesick heart is ever sweet
As the soft wind that wanders to and fro.

There oftentimes the blessed memory
Of other days makes glad the dark for me;
  I hear the happy singing of the birds
In bowers of bloom, I breathe the fragrance borne
Across the world from out the Orient morn,
  And listening again I hear Her words.

Frederic F. Sherman.

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DEGENERATION AND REGENERATION.

It must seem a little curious to many readers of current literature that Max Nordau's ponderous indictment of modern civilisation has so soon and so completely passed into the limbo of half-forgotten things. There was a moment when it appeared as though a great light had flashed upon the dark corners of society and displayed abysmal depths of foulness and corruption lying all about us; as though in an instant there had been revealed a ghastly spectre hovering over the modern world and, like the Erl-King of German legend, reaching out a hideous paw to destroy all that is dearest and holiest in the lives of mortal men. To-day, while in the remoter parts of the country *Degeneration* has probably its share of startled readers, the world at large has ceased to think of it; and its portentous pages have left no mark behind them save the addition of a few phrases to the literary slang of the time, and perhaps a deeper taint upon the morbid imagination of a few disordered minds. What appeared for the moment to be the voice of one crying in the wilderness to prepare the social cosmos for the damnation that was sure to come, is now very clearly seen to have been merely a well-timed though unwholesome and spasmodic literary sensation.

It is the strange rapidity and completeness of this decline of interest in Nordau's fulminations that make the volume now before us * appear almost as antiquated as an attack on Fourierism or as a serious polemic against the Millerite delusion. Thinking men have taken Nordau's measure. They have analysed his utterances and examined his facts, and tested the logic of his deductions; and as a result of their examination they have laid his book aside and turned to other and more profitable themes.

It is, of course, from one point of view, unfair to drag into a discussion the personality of a writer in estimating the value of his theses, for this sort of thing is bound to smack of the argument *ad hominem;* yet in the case of Herr Nordau it is impossible not to reflect upon his character and temperament as revealed in all his published work; for a knowledge of these things has undoubtedly contributed to minimise the influence of his book. Moreover, one need feel no especial compunction in speaking of him very frankly, for in *Degeneration* he has erected a whole mountain of theory upon his own estimate of living men, and has taken it upon himself in the most offhand fashion to define their motives and to question their sincerity. And when his book was flung before the eyes of the Anglo-Saxon world, the first question asked on every hand was, "Who is Nordau?"

A quick-witted Jew, imbued, like many of his race to-day, with an impenetrable materialism, a sceptic and yet a doctrinaire, Nordau is less an individual than a type, and a type raised to the *n*th. For him the world of spirit has absolutely no existence, the altruistic motive no force, ideal beauty no reality. Trained to study the perversities of the phenomena that are revealed to the alienist, tracing everything to a physical source, and accepting to the full the theories of his master, Lombroso, he is an ideal illustration of the credulity of science. He cannot believe in imagination save as a symptom of irrationality; he cannot recognise any love of beauty save as a manifestation of erotomania. Yet he can worship physiology as a clue to all the mysteries of life, and think himself able to sound the very depths of the human soul by measuring men's ears and noting down the conformation of their frontal bones. From the earliest days of his student life he seems to have had a strangely morbid curiosity as to the abnormal. He pried into all the dark corners of diseased mentality; he collected all the prurient details of the psychiatrist's practice; and with an avid delight he gleaned in the remotest fields of sexual psychopathy. The few unhappy creatures who in another age would have raved behind the bars of a madhouse, but whom the printing-press has given to-day a speaking-tube to reach the public ear, Nordau watches with the joy of a connoisseur, jotting down every fearful phrase

* Regeneration: a Reply to Max Nordau. With an Introduction by Professor Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

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in a note-book, and garnering up every perverse, disjointed thought. He wades through whole libraries, to wrench from its context any bit of reprehensible description, and add it to his collection. Presently he has volumes upon volumes of this sort of stuff; he has haunted the hospitals and asylums, and made for himself a little world of his own, peopled by the ghastly figures of the diseased, the dying, and the degenerate; and then at last he comes out into the greater world—the world of sunlight and sanity—with a mind that has itself become perverted, a mind that has lost its sense of proportion, and has grown intellectually colour-blind. He has so accustomed himself to watching for tell-tale symptoms that he sees them on every side, even in the healthiest mind and the soundest body. The slightest coincidences are to him conclusive evidence of identity; and he puts his own hideous interpretation on everything that meets his view, until, as Professor Butler says, "he is himself an abnormality and a pathological type. Every large hospital for the insane knows his representative—the one sane man in a world of lunatics." Yet there is a very apparent method in his madness. He has a canny commercial side to him; and seeing that certain topics are attracting some attention, and that the world is ready for a new sensation, he infers that the psychological moment has arrived, and at once, gathering up all his ponderous note-books, he compacts them into a bulky volume, garnishes them with a pseudo-scientific sauce, cooks up a theory to justify his exposure, and launches the delectable combination upon an appreciative market.

Probably the strongest proof of the falsity of Nordau's view of society is to be found in the sensation which his book created; for this sensation was not that which springs from startled conviction and guilty recognition, but from sheer astonishment and incredulity. It was the shock which might be felt by a traveller who, walking quietly along a pleasant road, should find his way blocked by a mighty avalanche of muck. At first he might feel that here was some great cataclysm, some wonderful phenomenon of nature; but a moment's inspection would speedily convince him that, after all, it was muck and nothing more. And so with Nordau's book. The world wondered for a moment, because the world at large had never even dreamed that such things as Nordau wrote of were in existence. Thousands of intelligent men and women had never so much as heard the names of Huysmans and Nietzsche and Paul Verlaine. The subtleties of the Symbolists were unknown to them. They had innocently looked upon Wagner as a great master of dramatic music, upon Ruskin as a refined and stimulating critic, upon Tolstoy as a powerful novelist and a sincere if impracticable humanitarian. And as to the darker and more repellent facts set forth by Nordau from the treatises of Krafft-Ebing and other specialists in neuropathy, of these things they had never even had an inkling. Therefore, just as the traveller described above, after looking for a moment at the muck-heap, would simply hold his nose and pass around it, so Nordau's readers, after a very short consideration of his pages, metaphorically held their noses and turned away from the further contemplation of his pornographic pile.

Some few, however, interested in the abnormality of the whole thing, lingered for awhile to investigate it in a scientific spirit; and these speedily found good reasons for the contempt which was with the world at large a matter of unerring instinct and intuition. They at once detected the unreality and fundamental unimportance of it all. They noted the singular perversity that deduced from every intellectual product of the age one and the same conclusion; that called one man a maniac because he wrote so much, and another man a maniac because he wrote so little; that set down still another as an incipient criminal because his ears were said to be pointed at the ends, and a fourth as subject to "echolalia" because his verse abounds in cadenced repetitions; that in one place declared human beings too good and noble to need the fear of hell; and in another place described them as too vile to dispense with the fear of the gallows and the hangman.

They noted him saying that material success in life is a test of sound-mindedness, and yet considering just how far such success is evidence of degeneracy. They saw him also, with a subtlety of erotic suggestion, detecting sexuality in what all men had before him seen only the beauty and the joy of art, and in-

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fusing a lingering taint into some of the noblest creations of the human imagination. Finally, they turned to what Nordau had himself produced in the sphere of fiction,* and there finding writ large the sordid sensuality that he had wantonly ascribed to the masters of modern literature, they at once convicted him beyond the possibility of defence of all that he had claimed to see in others. It needed only a clear appreciation of these things to discredit and refute the whole elaborate attack that he had made upon the age; and when it was plainly understood that the author of *Degeneration* was himself simply a stray degenerate, raving with foul words at his environment, all interest in him, save as in an abnormal type, at once declined.

The present volume, by an anonymous English writer, and with a short introduction by Professor Butler, sets forth in considerable detail the objections and criticisms that we have here barely touched upon. Each chapter deals with some specific instance of Nordau's lack of either consistency and plausibility, or logic; and each may therefore be read as a separate paper. They are, in fact, much more effective when read separately, for when taken together they show a lack of consecutiveness and unity to which Professor Butler's admirably terse and lucid introduction stands in refreshing contrast. The writer has made his individual points extremely well, but he has not welded his arguments together into a complete and convincing whole. Nor is he, apparently, perfectly equipped for discussing some portions of his theme. His knowledge of French literature is obviously defective. He says that Zola may yet produce some work "as pure as the first part of *La Joie de Vivre*," evidently unaware that Zola has already produced several such works, among which even an Englishman ought to have been able to recall the exquisite idyll *Le Rêve*, and that great prose epic, *La Débâcle*, in which there is scarcely a trace of his more familiar vein. Equally ill-informed is he in citing the novels of Georges Ohnet as typical reading for the family, forgetting or perhaps not knowing that the moral standard of philistinism in France is slightly different from that which obtains in England.

* A Comedy of Sentiment. By Max Nordau. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

Such blunders as "the Rougeon-Maquarts" and "Nathan der Weiser" may perhaps be due to the proof-reader's ignorance, yet they fit in curiously with other unmistakable indications of presumptive nescience. But the greatest defect in the book is the seriousness of its treatment of Nordau, its air of being awed and impressed by his special learning and assumed audacity. This point of view, indeed, seems to be shared by Professor Butler also, whose introduction begins with a sort of panegyric:

> "Max Nordau is perhaps the most daring toreador of recent years. He challenged Modern Civilization to mortal combat in the presence of assembled thousands. Had the customs of the Roman arena prevailed, the thumbs of the interested spectators would doubtless have been extended or pressed down in about equal numbers when the huge beast lay momentarily stunned by his blow."

Now if Professor Butler really thinks that Nordau is a highly daring toreador, and if he did not have the literary spirit so strong upon him as to make him write these sentences chiefly because they made a rather striking proœmium to his Introduction, then he is probably the only highly trained thinker who is so mistaken. There is, however, much virtue in his qualifying word "perhaps."

To our mind the most forceful and truly illuminative portion of the volume, though Professor Butler rather sniffs as he speaks of it, is that in which the anonymous author traces in Nordau's work and in his mental attitude the influence of a powerful German bias, and which sets forth in very vigorous and convincing language the essential traits of the typical German. A few sentences will suffice to give the reader a clue to his argument.

> "German education and German surroundings tend to foster in the human mind veneration for authority, contempt for the plebeian, distrust of liberty, a firm belief in the unquenchable power of man's lowest instincts, a nervous demand for authoritative repression of human passions, and contentment with prosaic existence, small resources, and poor prospects."

How true this is and how far-reaching is the truth in its practical manifestations, every one who has lived in Germany, or who has studied German character as mirrored in German history and in the social characteristics of the German people, must be profoundly conscious. The typical German is a being who if he gives play to the higher and

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more creative impulses at all, does so only in the sphere of imagination, while his actual life is dominated by the most intense materialism. A pure sentimentalist, his thought and his action have apparently no relation whatever to each other. He contemplates with intellectual enthusiasm the ideal beauty, and he lives contented in the most squalid environment. He worships ideal purity and he indulges himself in methodical sensuality. He writes lachrymose verse imbued with chivalrous sentiment for woman, and then he yokes his wife with a dog or an ass and sets her ploughing in his potato-fields. He can describe on paper an elaborate Utopia of justice and political perfection, and he is governed by one of the rankest and most brutal despotisms that ever smothered human freedom under the bonds of a military bureaucracy. Hence it is that the Germans, with all their training and all their many admirable traits, are lacking in constructiveness, in spontaneity, in creative boldness. When things go wrong, and when an American or an Englishman would take his coat off and set them right by the vigour and originality of his native energy, a German rolls up his eyes helplessly and begins to whimper for some higher power to tell him what to do. A curious indication of this national proneness to despair is seen in the fact that of all the suicides recorded in our daily press, by far the greater number is that of men and women with German names. And this is why the history of Germany is what it is—a history of divided and discordant principalities, of a people submitting to the rule of a hundred petty despots, unable to do more than maunder over the liberty that none of them would do anything to win; of a people who forgot at Napoleon's bidding their national self-respect, and fought his battles for him against their own kindred and natural allies. In 1848 they had a chance to show what they could do at constructing a parliamentary government; and they produced nothing but a windy debating society of visionary doctrinaires, to be soon dismissed contemptuously by a military prince. When some strong, masterful spirit arises among them—a man like Frederick the Great or Bismarck—they do not use him as a national instrument, but he sets his foot on all their necks and forces them to do his bidding. Hence it is that Germany presents to-day the astounding spectacle of a nation, the most highly educated in the world, governed by drill-sergeants and sub-lieutenants, accepting a *régime* that makes it a penal offence to speak disrespectfully of an artillery-mule, and in which the best born, the most eminent, and the most highly trained all flock with enthusiastic self-abasement to lick the jack-boots of a pinchbeck Cæsar.

The author of *Regeneration* does well to recognise in Nordau's book a reflection of the German temperament. The pedantic marshalling of documentary evidence to convict whole nations, the intellectual near-sightedness that sees no further than the hospital and the dissecting-room, and that knows nothing of the play of forces in the greater world beyond, the moral cowardice, the negation of hope, the grossness of the materialism, the suspicious distrust, the attempt to reduce the things of the spirit to an unvarying formula—all these are not the traits of the broad minded, far-seeing, and sane philosopher, but they suggest rather the Herr Professor in his stuffy study, evolving from his books and from his inner consciousness a theory for interminable exploitation in the lecture-room. Nordau's whole work, in fact, came bearing the ear-marks of a nation that regards an intelligent machine as the perfection of human progress, that finds in every vista an *impasse*, and that sees in every paltry mole-hill the menace of a mighty mountain.

But what is one to say of Nordau's main contention that our age is marked with the stigmata of degeneracy? Is the world really growing better or is it growing worse? Probably the serious student of social phenomena would say that in reality there is little actual gain from one generation to another, but that in all ages and among all civilized peoples the sum total of essential morality remains unchanged. At one period some particular vice or some particular virtue will be in the ascendant, and at another period another. In early Rome, for example, chastity and personal honesty were the rule, yet they were accompanied by an utter lack of humanity and the softer virtues. A wife could be beaten to death for drinking wine; Cato could order an innocent slave to be slain merely to impress the

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other serfs with their master's power. Under the Empire such cruelty became impossible, yet the growth of the sentiment of mercy was coincident with the decline of integrity and of sexual morality. And so, too, in the case of contemporaneous peoples, neither the especial vice nor the especial virtue of the one is necessarily that of the other. There is no doubt, for instance, that the standard of commercial morality is appreciably higher in England than in the United States, and that the laws of property are held to be more sacred there than here; but, on the other hand, the brute who in England kicks his wife with heavy clogs gets off with a small fine, while to all men is permitted a degree of license in the sphere of personal morality which if practised here would ensure an instant ostracism.

And so the balance is apparently kept even. Yet, after all, the impartial student of manners, who looks back over the pages of history and the record of men's lives, can scarcely fail to perceive with every cycle a certain steady progress that is not merely onward, but upward too. The dark side of the picture is not quite so dark as it was once, and the bright side is far brighter. The standards of virtue are, at any rate, accepted now by all men, and acceptance must ultimately mean observance also. Humanity moves onward with a stumbling step and many a halt, yet it does advance, and with every century its gaze is fixed with an increasing steadiness upon the lofty and immutable ideals of justice and mercy and purity and truth.

H. T. Peck.

UNWELCOME.

What has waked you, Lady Mary, from your sound, sound sleep?
What has brought you, Lady Mary, from the grave we dug so deep?
You have done with mirth and laughter, with the tears that follow after,
And with us who laugh and weep:
We laid you east and west,
With your beads upon your breast;
Be content, take your rest,
Lady Mary.

We left the black earth lying on your lips and eyes,
We left your rose wreaths dying as Love's own rose does,
And we bade you softly slumber through the days that none may number,
Till the Last of Days shall rise.
Round about in calm array,
The dead await their day;
Be content, do as they,
Lady Mary.

Do you hear the church-bells ringing as on marriage-morns they ring?
Do you hear the children singing as to greet a bride they sing?
Never heed the merry measure, for you drank your fill of pleasure,
And the year has but one spring.
Very narrow is the bed
Where now you lay your head;
Let the Dead suffice the Dead,
Lady Mary.

H. C. M.

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NEW POINTS IN THE LIFE OF GOETHE.

It is impossible to imagine a more attractive occupation for an enthusiast than the composition of a Goethe biography. A poet whose life presents as interesting a problem as his work, whose personality won the hearts of his contemporaries as his genius conquered their intellects, who wrote his own autobiography, and saved even the first rude draughts of his works from the burning—he presents such fascinating material that the wonder is, not that we have so many biographies of him, but rather that they are not indefinitely multiplied. Yet the task is as hard as it is attractive, and the sympathy is rare that can follow him from his precocious childhood, through a stormy youth, in which sentimentalism and true artistic feeling contended for the mastery, on his Italian journey which taught him how to reconcile romanticism and classic repose, to the dignified manhood of one who was at the same time poet, artist, scientist, politician, courtier, in short "a man take him for all in all." It is pretty generally agreed even in Germany that hitherto Mr. George Henry Lewes has come nearest to success. But now it is claimed that a German Lewes has arisen, and a greater than Lewes, insomuch as the new biographer, by the fact of his German nationality, can penetrate certain sides of Goethe's personality that must ever remain closed to a foreigner.

This latest biography is by Dr. Albert Bielschowsky, a new writer, and is published by Oskar Beck at Munich. The first volume, which is to be followed in the autumn by the second and final one, has as frontispiece a photogravure of a somewhat fanciful picture, "Goethe in Italy," taken from a picture painted in 1787 by his friend Tischbein, who acted as his cicerone during his Roman sojourn. The book has been greeted in Germany with a perfect chorus of approval that seems well merited. The style is modern, with no trace of the old *Periodenaufbau* which the Germans themselves have ceased to admire; it is luminous and attractive, and the author has carefully assimilated his material and presents it clearly to us without giving the impression, as his countrymen so often do, of taking us into the workshop, showing us all the raw material, while refusing to prejudice us in our application of it. In fact, he happily combines German learning with a French lucidity of expression. The author aims in the first place at a comprehension of Goethe's personality, and bases his criticism of the works on this, a method which, though fatal in many cases, is eminently suited to Goethe. He quotes Wieland's remark that "Men failed to understand Goethe because so few were capable of forming a conception of such a man." This difficulty was really due to the many-sidedness of the poet's nature. Goethe had some portion of every human characteristic, and was on that account "the most human of all human beings." As such Bielschowsky proceeds to characterise him. He was more than other men a microcosm; no side of man's nature but could find an answering chord in him. Hence he might truly say, in his old age, that it had been his lot to experience a succession of joys and sorrows, any of which alone would have been enough to prove fatal.

The Goethe archives and Proceedings of the Goethe Society supply the latest biographer with matter that was inaccessible to his predecessors, and he has thoroughly searched the fresh material with the result, by no means rare, of rehabilitating the original authority—in this case Goethe himself. He tells us that the further he proceeded with his work the more conservative he became. "As I penetrated further into the original source and brought to light more fresh material, I grew more and more impressed with the fidelity of Goethe's remembrance, the reality of his striving after truth, and the correctness of his retrospective criticism. Hence I could only differ from him when authentic proofs or convincing arguments controverted him." Bielschowsky follows Goethe and Lewes and most other writers on the subject in laying great stress on the poet's ancestry and early surroundings. The influence of the Seven Years' War and the presence of a French officer who was quartered in the house are familiar to all readers of Lewes, and

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Goethe has himself so fully described this period that there remains little to add except the discovery that the officer's name was Thoranc, not Thorane, and that the little boy who initiated him into the delights of French plays and mock duels was probably called De Rosnes and not Derones. All which is of no consequence, and is wisely relegated to the notes, along with the congratulatory verses addressed to his grandparents on New Year's Day, 1757, which may be described as "very good considering," and as the first, though probably not unassisted, poetic efforts of the child are certainly worth preserving. Some recently discovered letters throw fresh light on his student life at Leipzig, where he devoted himself to everything except lectures and law. They deal chiefly with his relation to Käthchen Schönkopf, and the passionate jealousy of these outpourings to his friend Behrisch are interesting as indicating one of the passing phases of Goethe's *Sturm und Drang* time, which found literary utterance in *Die Laune des Verliebten*. The Strassburg time and Herder's influence on the young poet's literary studies receive sympathetic treatment, as also the Sesenheim episode. The difficult question of Goethe's relations to women is one that none of his biographers can shirk, and it is honestly faced by Bielschowsky, who makes no attempt to prove, as some writers do, that the cause of the unhappy ending of the love episodes was in each case a different one. Goethe himself, he thinks, gives us the clue in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, when he tells Frederike the story which he afterward transformed into *Die neue Melusine*. A man falls in love with the fair daughter of the dwarf king. Union between them is only possible on condition of his being reduced to her size. She puts a ring on his finger, and he becomes a dwarf. All the dwarfs give him greeting, and the king fixes the following day for the wedding. "What terrible sensations were mine when the word marriage was uttered!" He attempted flight, but was seized and brought back by a troop of ants, and submitted perforce to his fate. Then followed a period of happiness on a tiny scale, but he still retained within him the consciousness of his former size. Thus the true meaning of an ideal was revealed to him; he could be content with nothing less than his own ideal of himself. At last he filed through the ring, and regained his former dimensions. The parable is easy of interpretation. Goethe was torn between his horror of marriage as a check to his intellectual growth and the fascination which beauty always exercised on him and which he exercised so largely in return. Hence the many love tragedies all ending in the same way. This volume ends with Goethe's return from Italy in 1788, and thus includes the first period of his Weimar residence and the composition of *Werther*, *Götz*, *Egmont*, *Iphigenie*, and *Tasso*. All these are subjected to a detailed and careful criticism, based on Goethe's own remark, "My production has always kept pace with the events of my life." *Iphigenie* and *Tasso* are classed along with *Falk*, *Proserpina*, *die Geschwister*, and *Elpenor* as "dramas of longing" (Sehnsuchtsdramen). "We cannot doubt that the key-note of these plays is to be found in the longing first for the love and afterward for the possession of Charlotte von Stein, strengthened in the case of Elpenor, Iphigenia, and Tasso by the death of his only and much-loved sister." His view of Tasso is in many respects an original one. In opposition to Kuno Fischer, who regards Antonio as an unimportant character introduced after the first draft of the work, he considers him absolutely essential to the action as the prosaic contrast to Tasso, the reconciliation as only apparent, and the simile of a "rock" applied to him by Tasso in the last scene as really suggesting "a refuge in time of need, but not a friendly place of abiding," since the conflict between realism and idealism cannot be thus summarily closed. One of the most valuable parts of the work deals with Goethe's political work. For this the materials had to be laboriously collected from stray references in diaries, chance remarks in letters and hints in *Wilhelm Meister*. The result is a picture of a minister who did not shrink from such small economies as could be effected by the diminution of the number of daily guests at the Court dinner table, and at the same time could rise to the conception of an union of the smaller German States which should preserve them from the risk of absorption by either Austria or Prussia. It is this constructive use of his material to-

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gether with his descriptive skill and vivid presentation of the man that constitute the special charm of this new biography. The field has been too fully harvested by the multitude of previous writers to leave much valuable matter for late comers to glean. Mention must, however, be made of the recovery of the Leipzig poems entitled *Annette*, though the most important of these, to judge from the prose sketch in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, is still missing; the controversy whether any of the poems addressed to Frederike are by Lenz; the vexed question as to whether *Götz* originated in Frankfurt or Strassburg, where Bielschowsky unhesitatingly follows Goethe in his account of the matter; and the surmise, now become a certainty, that Bruder Martin of *Götz* is Martin Luther.

If the second volume, which is promised for the autumn, is equal to the first, there can be little doubt that this is destined to become the standard life of Goethe.

Alice Zimmern.

THE HON. WHITELAW REID ON "FONETIK REFAWRM."

The following delicious correspondence, which appeared in the newspapers just as the June number of THE BOOKMAN was going to press, sufficiently explains itself. We reproduce it here, lest a single one of our readers should fail to see it.

I.

INFORMATION.

From the New York Sun of January 22.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—SIR: In reading over the Regents' syllabus and the Regents' examination papers recently, I was very much surprised to see, as I then thought, that several words were spelt wrong. Upon inquiry I have learned that they have a method of their own, untaught and unknown in our public schools and in our "Free Academy." All the examinations for admission to the bar and all the medical examinations are, under our new law, held under the supervision of the Regents, and I ask you, for the benefit of the many who are preparing for the various professions, whether their method has your sanction. They have asked questions about the "hypotenuse" of right-angled triangles, about how to "catalog" various books, and want to know various things about "Michelangelo." Please help out a few young students.

January 21. Yours, etc.

M. S.

The spelling to which our correspondent refers, and which we deem detestable, is probably the work of the Secretary of the Board of Regents, who entertains extreme views in respect to orthography. The Regents ought to stop the use of this rag, tag, and bobtail spelling in their examination papers without delay.

II.

INTERROGATION.

DEAR MR. DEWEY: I agree with *The Sun* in the above. Whatever our individual views about orthography may be, an educational institution so important and representative as the Board of Regents ought not to be committed to such noticeable innovations without full consideration and the approval of the Board. Don't you think so too? Very truly yours,

WHITELAW REID.

PHŒNIX, ARIZ., January 26.

III.

FORTIFICATION.

REGENTS' OFFICE,
ALBANY, March 9.

DEAR REGENT REID: I just discover that the answer to your note did not go back promptly, as I planned, because I sent it out to verify the reference, and it got in the wrong pigeonhole. I am glad you sent me this, which I should otherwise have missed. Giving you the facts, I think you will want to make some comment either in *The Sun* or *Tribune* on it.

When I came here I changed several abbreviated forms that had been in use for years, simply to guard against this criticism. Dr. Watkins said: "But we have used these for years, and no one can attribute them to you." I answered: "Whether they can or not, they will, because my name has been known as that of a spelling reformer, and we will be extra conservative." I have not felt at liberty to introduce into our official work the spellings that I should use in my private correspondence, and agree with you fully that it should not be done without the approval of the Regents. I would hardly use the form 'spelt,' which I mark in this criticism from *The Sun*.

In consultation with Mr. Curtis, we agreed on quite an elaborate set of editing rules to bring some harmony out of the chaos of our printed matter. These have been adopted by numerous magazines and writers as more satisfactory than anything they had. We included in them the spelling "controller," invariably used by the *Tribune*, because all the authorities showed it to be a more correct form, and it would help to guard against the persistent mispronunciation of the word that we hear, even in the Controller's office. This is the only spelling that we have been criticised for, to my knowledge, till the enclosed came from you.

As to hypotenuse. This is the form given by Webster and by the Standard, which give hy-

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potenuse, with a mere reference from hypothenuse. Worcester enters under hypoth, saying that it is also spelled hypotenuse. The Century enters it, of course, under the correct form, hypotenuse, referring to hypoth, and saying "properly hypotenuse, but the erroneous form, hypothenuse, is more common."

The form Michelangelo is adopted by the Century Dictionary, which makes no reference to the other form, and it is quite commonly used so. The editor of the examination questions follows the Century in these matters unless something is said to the contrary.

Finally, the spelling catalog, which is given by Murray's great philological societies dictionary and by the Standard, was not adopted by us till it was used by the United States Bureau of Education in their catalog of the A. L. A. Library exhibited at the World's Fair. It has for years been adopted as the standard spelling of the *Library Journal* and the American Library Association, and Mr. R. R. Bowker, himself with a strong prejudice against spelling reform, recently said, when the matter was under discussion, that, in spite of his preference, he must admit that the majority of people who ought to be considered the best authority on that word had adopted the German form, without the ue. Its use by the United States Bureau of Education seems to justify similar use by the Regents.

Don't you think that the Regents would be subject to criticism if they continued to use the erroneous form like hypothenuse when the weight of authority was all on the other side? Aren't we bound by our position to correct these errors? Recently a German professor came in in a high state of excitement because of certain blunders we had made in the spelling of certain German words, thinking it hardly creditable for an office like ours not to know German better. When we showed him that the spelling which we used had been officially promulgated by the German Government as the only correct form, he apologised profusely and expressed his surprise that he should learn for the first time so important a thing regarding his native language from a public office which he supposed was erring through its ignorance.

I am thoroughly sorry to have an item like this appear, but give me your candid judgment as to the wisdom of our position, and also as to whether it is better to let the matter drop, or for you or for me to send a note to *The Sun* showing that their rather caustic comment was uncalled for? Very truly yours,

MELVIL DEWEY.

IV.

ANNIHILATION.

PHŒNIX, ARIZ., April 6, 1896.

DEAR MR. DEWEY: No, I do not think that you would be subject to criticism if you continued to use the orthography which has been sanctioned by educated people for a century, and is still used by a great majority of them. But I do think you are subject to it when, acting for the Board, in official papers for pupils of our schools, you change the spelling now in use on the mere example of the United States Bureau of Education, or even following some of the new dictionaries you name.

I am writing here in the desert, without access to my books of reference, and so cannot go into the question of authorities. It will be no novel idea to you, however, that many scholars still hesitate to accept Webster as a final authority on doubtful and disputed points in orthography; that as between Webster and Worcester, on this one question, perhaps the best scholars have inclined to prefer the latter, and that the new dictionaries, admirable and valuable as they are in many ways, have not yet, on spelling, displaced the older authorities. According to your quotation, Worcester gives "*hypothenuse*" as the correct orthography; the Century admits that it is the usual one, and Webster and the Standard permit both it and the form which you prefer. Etymologically there may be a justification for your "hypotenuse," but these changes always come slowly, and they should not be taken up by the Board of Regents (especially in its official dealings with the pupils of the State schools) until they have been generally accepted and taught. Why, we all crossed our pons asinorum on "hypothenuse," and if you disable that we shall begin to suspect that the whole proposition may be "structurally weak"!

As for "Michelangelo," there is no doubt authority for it, but it is not the common usage, and it seems merely one of those fussy changes which, in the present craze for un-Anglicising our long-used English forms of foreign names, keep us in bewilderment as to just who or what is meant.

"Catalog" can only be described by the word *The Sun* applies to it. It is detestable. Besides, it commits us to other monstrosities, "pedagog," "dialog," "monolog," etc. I must insist that the adoption of such a spelling in sober-minded examination papers, issued in the name of the Board of Regents, but without their approval for this change, is not warranted by its acceptance in the authorities you name.

The very fact that these spellings are not in general use in the schools of the State should forbid our use of them in examination papers intended for the pupils of these schools. Even if such spelling is admitted to be a "reform," it is not the business of a body organised like the Board of Regents to upset the spelling books of the State by leading in such a reform, but only to conform to it when it has been generally accepted. We, at least, should avoid the barbarous business of vivisection on our noble living English. Such changes as are needful should, so far as we are concerned, come, as in nature, slowly, and not artificially, but in the order of growth.

I don't understand you to say that Mr. Curtis ever sanctioned these changes. If he did, and I had been present, I should certainly have been against him, although it would probably have been the first time during our long service together on the Board when we were not in substantial agreement on every educational question that came before us.

You see, I am taking you at your word and giving you my "candid judgment" without reserve. You were undoubtedly right in the desire to be "extra conservative," and I rather hope that on duly weighing the above suggestions you will conclude that such conservatism will lead to reversing your present practice, until it shall have had the sanction of a more general usage, or the deliberate approval of the Board. I am, with cordial regards, always very truly yours,

WHITELAW REID.

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LITERARY PROPERTY.

It took centuries before literary and artistic work came to be looked upon as real property, a thing of marketable value that one could not steal from one's neighbour without coming within the shadow of the law. And even at the present day this concession is limited by certain restrictions, for fifty years after the death of an author his work belongs to the public, and his direct heirs, if there be any, find themselves disinherited.

I build houses, I manufacture furniture, I cut jewels, I create, in fact, tangible property which belongs to me, and will belong to my descendants, without there being any danger of some one else taking it without being taken for a thief. But I write a novel or a play, I compose a music-score, and any of these are my property only for a certain length of time. I shall enjoy the benefits accruing from it as long as I live, but one day my children will be deprived of these benefits legally. Yet I have given not my manual labour alone, I have given my brain, I have given my heart, I have given my life. And for that reason they do us the great honour to mulct us in the name of the public good.

The theory is that the man of genius, or the man of even ordinary talent, does not belong to his family alone, but the world at large. First, his genius or his talent is, they say, only the result of the education, the civilisation of a period, so that one may consider him the representative elect, the voice which gives expression to the ideas and sentiments of the community scattered in the air. Moreover, the inheritance he leaves goes beyond his little family, and interests the larger one, the generations of future centuries—a prize of thoughts, word pictures, truths, and beauties that have become the joint property of humanity. There would, moreover, be the fear that the inheritance might be in danger if left solely in the hands of the direct heirs, who possibly might be narrow-minded to the point of suppressing certain works, or else unintelligent to the point of interfering with their free circulation by insisting on too large profits.

That is the only reason, the noble reason, the invincible reason which is advanced as an excuse for the fact that literary or art property will never be considered the same kind of property as a field, a house, a sword, or a spade. Even the material side of the property, the printed book, or the engraved score, is not taken into consideration. There only remains the idea which shines forth, the fiction which delights, the melody which sings. It is like a wild flower growing by the roadside, the bird of the air heard in the bush, which all the passers-by think they have a right to take and carry away. Is one a thief because, frankly and openly, he takes thoughts, word pictures, and sounds which another has himself taken from the community? It is but an exchange. The great artists and the great writers would be unworthy of having been elected to glory if they did not consent to shine for the whole world like the sun.

This granted, it is easy to understand that, if it is difficult to regulate literary property within a nation, the problem becomes terribly complicated when it has to be regulated between several nations. There are no custom houses to stop, at the frontiers, the seeds blown by the winds of the sky from one people to another. Do we want to tax progress, arrest the great civilising currents that give life to the world? And must we speak of legitimate return, allege reasons of reciprocal interest, dignity, and justice to attract the attention of the neighbouring peoples who (very ingenuously, I admit) persist in still practising that convenient system of taking their wealth where they find it?

At the present time, an international conference for the protection of literary and artistic works is in session at Paris. Its principal mission seems to be the revision of the Convention of Berne, which was drawn up ten years ago, and which has been prolific of good results for the countries that signed it. It is important, therefore, that we should profit by the experience of these ten years, correct all errors, supply all the deficiencies which have since been discovered in the text, and make the compact henceforth as perfect as possible.

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This is, of course, a very delicate and complicated task, but one which will probably be successfully performed by the gentlemen whom the government has selected—former ministers, diplomats, lawyers, jurists. Great surprise has been expressed that neither a writer nor an artist should have been invited to join it. The reply to this is that the other nations taking part in the convention have themselves sent only jurists, lawyers, and diplomats, so that unless we made the same choice we should have the air of teaching them a lesson. Yet, it is still hoped that the conference will appreciate the necessity of being furnished with exact information, and that it will consent to summon the only persons who are in a position to furnish this information—that is to say, the writers and artists interested—and whom the necessity of defending their works puts into continual correspondence with the publishers, journals, and theatres of foreign countries. Those alone will have something interesting to say.

What makes me uneasy in the selection made by the government is the purely official and diplomatic character that they will give to the conference. It is certainly most desirable that the Convention of Berne should be revised, and I repeat that the persons chosen are fully competent on questions of international rights, on precedents and methods of procedure, on all that has been done, and on what can be done in official circles. But what is necessary, above all, is that the Convention of Berne be broadened. The great nations who have systematically held aloof should be brought in. The views of all the French writers and artists should be expressed on this subject, and expressed in a manner so precise, so forcible, and so frank, that the whole civilised world will know what the true state of affairs is. That is certainly what the conference will not do, composed as it is at present. It will consider this as exceeding its authority, particularly as this would have nothing in common with the purely official spirit which actuated its organisation.

For instance, I see that several new States have sent delegates to represent them at the conference, which indicates on their part a desire to join the treaty. The important States who have signed the treaty are, if I am not mistaken, Germany, England, Italy, Spain. And without doubt it is a good thing that the smaller countries, such as Bohemia, Portugal, Norway, Brazil, and others should also belong to it. But we writers, whose interests are under discussion, would be delighted if we learned that the United States and Russia had also sent delegates expressing a desire to join this league of international honesty. By little countries and important countries, I simply mean those countries in which we sell a great many of our books and those in which we sell a few only. And that is why, if the principle of international copyright only wins the favour of the smaller countries, it will leave us indifferent, for we have not many interests in those countries; but the day that we shall be protected in the United States as we are in Germany, for instance, we shall rejoice at the important contracts which, at last, we shall be able to make with the American publishers.

There is, to be sure, in the United States a law voted by Congress, a sort of treaty which protects foreign works, but the conditions are so complicated and so vexatory, that the law might just as well not exist at all. And, as to Russia, the situation is still more simple. That country up to the present time has declined to sign any treaty. It holds obstinately aloof from all civilised nations on the question of literary property. It would really be a noble achievement if the conference now sitting at Paris could bring Russia to the sentiment of dignity and justice, induce it to sign this literary treaty which is like a first tie of fraternity between the nations of the earth.

How strange! Our enemy, Germany, comes to an understanding with us, recognises the rights of our authors and our artists, and yet our friend, Russia, refuses all loyal relations, and steals our works! One must have the courage to say frankly that this is as surprising as it is sad.

For many years we have made the greatest efforts to come to some understanding with Russia. If I wanted to relate all the steps that have been taken, all the negotiations attempted, I should need a volume. At one time there was a kind of agreement, but the trial of it seemed so disastrous to Russia, from the point of view of its own interests, that they were never willing to renew

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it. M. de Kératry first went on a mission to Saint Petersburg, accredited by the Publishers' Club and all our important literary societies, and he spared no effort to accomplish his object. Then I myself, when I was president of the Société des Gens de Lettres, wrote to the Russian press an open letter which appeared in the *Temps*. I thought that if the Russian press began a campaign in favour of a copyright law, our efforts would be successful. Then M. Halpérine-Kaminsky, the translator of Tolstoy, devoted his time to the matter. He went to Russia several times, acting as agent between the interested parties of both nations, and obtaining only partial success. Then our colleague, Hector Malot, when passing through Saint Petersbourg recently, obtained from M. de Montebello, our ambassador, the promise not to lose the matter from sight. But, in spite of all these efforts, the matter still drags, makes little or no progress, and seems unlikely to be settled at all.

The truth is rather brutal, but, in my opinion, Russia does not want a copyright law, because she is convinced that if there were one she would lose money. Her calculation is very simple. Ten times more translated French books enter Russia than translated Russian books enter France, so that if the Russian authors, under a copyright law, received for their work one thousand francs, the French authors would receive ten thousand. That is really the only reason, notwithstanding all the specious arguments set forth in opposition. When it is so easy to take for nothing, why pay, especially when it is disastrous to pay? Yet I hasten to add, to the honour of Russia, that all the Russians whom I have tried to make understand that their own sense of dignity and justice ought to decide them to consent to a copyright law, have not appeared to me to have a very clear idea of what literary property is. Appropriate manufactured articles that arrive from France —O no! that would be a vulgar theft! But to translate a book, to publish it in Russian at one's own risk and peril, is that anything else than the song of the bird of the air, whose song one carries off in one's ear, or the perfume of the wild flower carried to you by the breeze? The seeds of the mind belong to humanity, and they blossom where the wind carries them, regardless of frontiers.

In my letter that the *Temps* published I argued out this matter. It is certain, for instance, that the importation of Russian literature into France has greatly increased during the last fifteen years. If it is true that the number of French books that go into Russia is far in excess, how is it that Russia cannot comprehend the serious mistake she makes in permitting its literary market to be encumbered by translations of foreign works? From the moment that there is neither authorisation to ask, nor royalties to pay, every journal, every publisher is free and issues his own translations. And I cited my own case, for one is most familiar with his own business. I stated that fourteen distinct editions of my *Débâcle*, published by different journals, had appeared simultaneously in Russia. Every morning, as soon as the instalment of the serial appeared in the Paris newspaper, the translators translated it hastily and sent it off to Russia by the night mail. All kinds of deplorable results followed. First of all, the translations were abominably done, distorted, and ruined, unworthy of a literary nation. Then, again, no single Russian paper could profit by being the first to print the novel, as so many competitors published it at the same time. Finally, it was most prejudicial to the native Russian author.

A Russian publisher told me once that he was afraid to publish anything new nowadays, on account of the mass of French translations in all the booksellers' windows. Moreover, the translators are not always very happy in their selection. Many of the books translated are not worth translation. But as there are no royalties to pay, the publisher is always pretty sure of getting back his first cost. This results naturally in a general cheapening of prices, which hurts the native author, for it is they unquestionably who suffer most by the present state of affairs. They are unable to compete with the enormous French, English, and German output. If, to-morrow, a copyright law were to diminish this unhealthy importation, or, better still, control it in permitting to pass only works of real merit carefully translated, Russia would surely see its authors produce works of an higher aver-

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Veuillez agréer, monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments les plus distingués.

Emile Zola

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age and which would sell better. I have been told, for instance, that a Russian musician had great difficulty in finding a publisher at Saint Petersburg, owing to the fact that the works of our French composers, notably those of Gounod, were being sold so cheap as to render all competition impossible.

That is what the international conference, assembled at this time at Paris, should present to Russia, and that I fear is what she will not mention, for its diplomatic and official character stands in the way of explaining matters frankly.

I repeat that we shall follow its labours with the greatest interest, certain that it will work with all the zeal possible for the best possible revision of the Convention of Berne. But if the present conference limits itself to improving the treaty, if it succeeds only in obtaining the adhesion of a few little countries without succeeding in securing Russia and the United States, the results will be insignificant. We shall have won a real victory only when we shall be protected in Russia and in the United States, as we are already in Germany, England, Italy, and Spain.

And, personally, I am quite willing that we shall be left without protection at all. But, in that case, I demand that our present capitalistic society be suppressed and replaced by the socialistic or anarchistic society. During my presidency of the Société des Gens de Lettres, we had a dispute with Jean Grave's anarchistic society. He had published, without permission, in his paper, *La Révolte*, several articles, the property of certain of our members, and I found myself mixed up in the affair, for I was one of the defrauded authors, with this complication, that before I joined the Société, I had given Grave an authorisation to publish certain of my books gratuitously. I well recall the indignation of the Socialists. "What," they said, "sue a poor little paper which is simply carrying on the work of propaganda? Do not ideas belong to all alike? Is the republication of the Scriptures payable at so much a line?" I had great difficulty in arranging matters.

The Socialists were right from their point of view. It is very hard if a fence must be built around one's words, if none of them is to be allowed to fulfil its civilising mission in the world without bringing in its so much per cent. And we are always met with the comparison of the tree which gives its fruit, with the plant which sows its good grain at the slightest solicitation of the wind. If you are a genius, then blossom and fructify for the whole world.

That is right; but then let us begin by living as brothers. If the conception of Mæcenas, nourishing the writer so he may produce, be thrown out as aristocratic, there remains only the principle of literary work likened to all other work, enabling a man to live respectably and properly, and thus creating property which the law ought to defend like all other property. There has been labour, there is an accomplished work, and no one ought to have the right to dispose of that work without the consent of the author, without incurring the usual penalty for transgressing the law of universal honesty, which prohibits you from taking from a man what he refuses to give you willingly.

I wonder if our friend Russia has any idea that her present mode of procedure is entirely anarchistic. She translates our novels and performs our plays without our consent? I am willing to indulge in this dream: humanity united in one single nation, happy and fraternal, poets singing for all, genius giving its pages to the passer-by without having an account open at the publishers. But first the age of gold must come back, the eternal Spring must enable us to dispense with clothes, Nature must nourish us with the milk of her streams and the honey of her flowers.

Émile Zola.

DISIECTA MEMBRA.

'SING' RHYMES ADMIRABLY WITH 'CLING'
AND SO DO 'STING' AND 'FLING.'—
THERE IS IN THESE FOUR WORDS
THE RAW MATERIAL OF THE BLACKEST HUMAN TRAGEDY.

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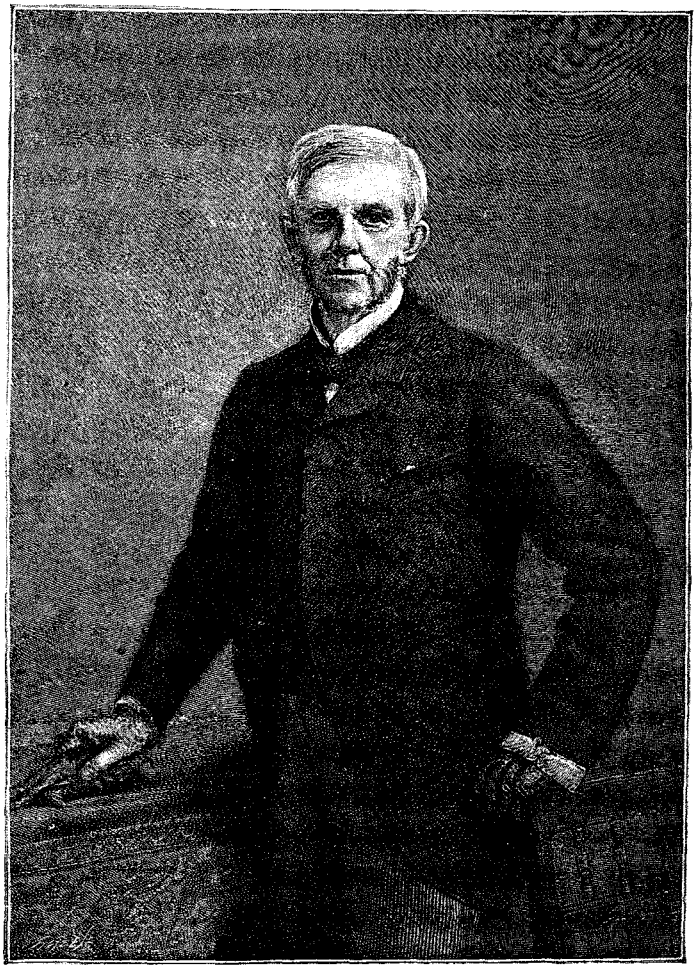
DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: HIS "LIFE AND LETTERS."



Yours very Truly,
Oliver Wendell Holmes

Among the various volumes recently published of the life and letters of one great man and another, surely the two* devoted to Dr. Holmes must take an important place. If the life they chronicle was less eventful than some others, at least it had no pages the recording angel need wish to blot; and Dr. Holmes was wont to say that the only two biographers who could tell the story of a man's life were the man himself and the recording angel.

The future Autocrat was born in the place he would himself have chosen—in Cambridge, Mass. — on May 29th, 1809, in the same year which was the birth-year of Darwin, of Gladstone, of Tennyson, and of Abraham Lincoln.

Oliver Wendell Holmes came of the best stock of old New England. His father, Rev. Abiel Holmes—born in Woodstock, Conn. — was of the strictest orthodox persuasion. But he married for his second wife (who was the mother of Oliver), Sarah Wendell, of Boston. The Wendells were Unitarians, and Dr. Holmes was more akin in spirit to his mother than to his father; though, indeed, the stern theology of the Rev. Abiel seems to have been somewhat modified by association with his liberal-minded wife. To use Dr. Holmes's own words, he "had the right to be grateful for a probable inheritance of good instincts, a good name, and a library where he bumped about among books."

He was fortunate also in a family-tree which he could climb with pleasure. Every one who knew him well knew that by nature he was an aristocrat. He said himself, "I go for the man with the family portraits against the one with the twenty cent daguerreotype, unless I find out that the other is the better man of the two."

* Oliver Wendell Holmes. By John T. Morse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.00.

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He was, in his boyhood, a pupil at Phillips Academy, Andover, and began there his life-long friendship with Phineas Barnes, to whom many letters in these volumes are addressed.

Phillips Academy has been for so long a sort of clerical nursery that doubtless the Rev. Abiel had a reasonable hope that after a course of training there his son would be clerically inclined; but young Oliver came out no more orthodox than he entered. He says of himself, "An instinct was working in me which could not be choked out by the dogmas of the Assembly's catechism." The absurdity of

"In Adam's fall
We sinnéd all"

appealed to him from the first. "A man with a crooked spine," he wrote later, "could never be called to account for not walking erect."

In 1825 he entered Harvard College, and in 1828, in a letter to his friend Barnes, he thus described himself:

"I, then, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Junior in Harvard University, am a plumeless biped, of the height of exactly five feet and three inches, when standing in a pair of substantial boots; having eyes which I call blue, and hair which I do not know what to call. Secondly, with regard to my moral qualities. I am rather lazy than otherwise. I am not dissipated, and I am not sedate; and when I last ascertained my college rank, I stood in the humble situation of seventeenth scholar."

But to be seventeenth scholar in the famous Class of '29 was at least something.

After leaving college Holmes gave one year to the law—time enough, at least, to convince himself that law was not his vocation. Medicine was his next essay, and in that he found a congenial pursuit. He went abroad, in 1833, to study for two years in foreign hospitals. He passed most of this two years in Paris, though he found time for brief visits to England, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy. He returned to America in the autumn of 1835, and began, in Boston, the practice of his chosen profession.

In the June of 1840 he married Amelia Lee Jackson, who made him an absolutely ideal wife, contributing immensely to his success by her tact and her executive ability, as well as by her tenderness and her unfailing sympathy. The children of this marriage were three, of whom only one survived their father.

In 1847 Dr. Holmes received an appointment as Professor of Anatomy in the Medical School of Harvard, a position he held for thirty-five years. He was interested in medicine to the last; not even literature could wholly wean him from the profession which was the choice of his youth.

Indeed, he was already forty-two years old before he began to devote himself seriously to authorship. The *Atlantic Monthly* was established in 1857, and Holmes gave it its title, and wrote for it during its first year *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*. The vote of the majority of his readers has, I think, decided that *The Autocrat* is its author's best work in prose, though one would be reluctant to spare any of the others.

Until his connection with the *Atlantic* the doctor was known to literature chiefly as a poet, but after that time his prose took the more prominent place; yet I am inclined to think that some of his poems will dwell longer in the memory of men than any of his prose. How full of courtly grace, as well as of psychological suggestion, is "Dorothy Q.;" how beautiful is "The Chambered Nautilus;" how delicious a blending of pathos and humour "The Last Leaf;" how tender the minor music of "Under the Violets!"

Of Dr. Holmes's novels, I must confess that I have found *Elsie Venner* the most interesting, though Mr. Morse considers *The Guardian Angel* better work. His third and last novel, *A Mortal Antipathy*, written when he was well past seventy, was clearly the least successful and the least important of the three.

The Professor at the Breakfast-Table and *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table* were worthy successors to *The Autocrat*, even if not quite its equal. Later on he had just begun to write *Over the Tea-Cups*, when the saddest of all possible interruptions came. His wife, the companion of nearly fifty years of his life, died early in 1888. His second son had died already, in 1884, and now she, who had shared that loss and that sorrow, went in her turn into the dark. His daughter, Mrs. Turner-Sargent, herself a widow, came to live with him; but in the April of 1889 she followed her mother, and only the eldest son of the family, Judge Holmes, was left to be the comfort and stay of his father's remaining years.

Those years were few. Death was as kind to Dr. Holmes as life had been. His eighty-fifth birthday found him well

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and cheerful. He took his usual walks until a very few days before the end, and he was even up and about the house till the very last day, and died in his chair, painlessly and quietly, on October 7th, 1894. He was buried from King's Chapel, Boston, the church at which he had been a faithful attendant for more than half a century.

The second journey of Dr. Holmes to England was in 1886. His daughter was his companion, and their entire absence from home was but for four months. The doctor enjoyed everything—as James Russell Lowell said at the time—with the zest of a young man of twenty, and he told the tale of this pleasant pilgrimage in *Our Hundred Days in Europe*. His whole stay in England was a festival. Every one sought him, every one was charmed with him, he was overwhelmed with invitations and attentions.

Perhaps he enjoyed nothing more than the day at Oxford, when the University conferred its honours upon him. "I bought me a new silk gown," he wrote, "and went to Commencement, and they made me an LL.D." It is one feature of Commemoration Day at Oxford that the Undergraduates are not only permitted but expected to chaff their elders and betters. But even they dealt gently with the dear old Doctor, with the young face and the young heart. "Mispronounced again!" they called out to a speaker. "The Doctor is laughing at you." "Hurry up, don't you see the Doctor's tired?" And when the Autocrat was finally enrolled among the D.C.L.s, and the bench where he was to sit seemed crowded, the gallery shouted, "Seat, seat! Come, show your manners, gentlemen! No place for Wendell Holmes to sit!"

How singularly uneventful, when all is told, was this memorable and fruitful life! With the exception of two visits to Europe, fifty-three years apart, it was almost wholly passed in Massachusetts. Dr. Holmes was, above all, a Bostonian. He was part of the Hub of the Universe, as he delighted to call his Boston. His winter home was always within sight of the gilded dome of the State House, and even in summer he was seldom more than a few miles away.

He had no political ambitions, and no keen interest in political contests. The abolitionists were ill content with him at one time because he would not share

DR. HOLMES.

From *Vanity Fair*, June, 1886.

their struggle and could see two sides even to slavery. When the Civil War came, however, he was with and for the North, with all the strong, true heart of him; and he would even have wished to bestow on the conquered South the paternal discipline of depriving them for some time of the full rights of citizenship.

But it was only in this one great emergency that he much concerned himself with national questions. He was a student, a doctor, a professor, and, above all, so far as the world holds him in

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memory, an author. He loved one woman faithfully. His sorrows were for her loss and that of his children. He was never very rich, yet, from first to last, he never had to struggle with poverty. He was well-born, well-bred, well-educated—ah, and best of all, he was well-beloved.

How well he deserved the love he so lavishly received, no one can fail to perceive who reads the letters Mr. Morse has included in these volumes. They are such letters as no one else could have written, full of wit and humour; and, best of all, they are intimate revelations of a man whom no one could fail to be the better for knowing intimately.

One of Dr. Holmes's most noteworthy traits was his unfailing response to all who sought his sympathy or counsel. I had the good fortune to be a guest at the *Atlantic* breakfast in honour of the Autocrat's seventieth birthday, and I heard the delightful speech by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, from which Mr. Morse quotes. After paying tribute to the kindness, wisdom, and faithfulness of the Doctor as a literary adviser—his lavish goodness to the stranger who was not even within his gates—Mr. Aldrich concluded his speech thus: "The fresh and subtle learning of the Autocrat, the humour and pathos of the poet, that skylark quality of note in his lyrics—he could not have perfected all these precious gifts if God had not given him the most sympathetic of human hearts."

Could I close more fitly than with this tribute of one poet to another my brief appreciation of these volumes, which, I think, no one can afford to leave unread?

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE STEERSMAN.

The fore shrouds bar the moonlit scud,
The port rail laps the sea—
Aloft all taut, where the wind clouds skim,
Alow to the cutwater snug and trim,
And the man at the wheel sings low; sings he—
"Oh sea-room and lee-room
And a gale to run afore,
From the Golden Gate to Sunda Strait,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

II.

Her hull rolls high, her nose dips low,
The rollers flash alee—
Wallow and dip, and the uptossed screw
Sends heart-throbs quivering through and through—
And the man at the wheel sings low; sings he—
"Oh sea-room and lee-room
And a gale to run afore—
Sou-East by South and a bone in her mouth,
But my heart lies snug ashore."

III.

The helmsman's arms are brown and hard
And pricked in his forearms be
A ship, an anchor, a love-knot true,
A heart of red and an arrow of blue,
And the man at the wheel sings low; sings he—
"Oh sea-room and lee-room
And a gale to run afore—
The ship to her chart, but Jack to his heart—
And my heart lies snug ashore."

Robert Cameron Rogers.

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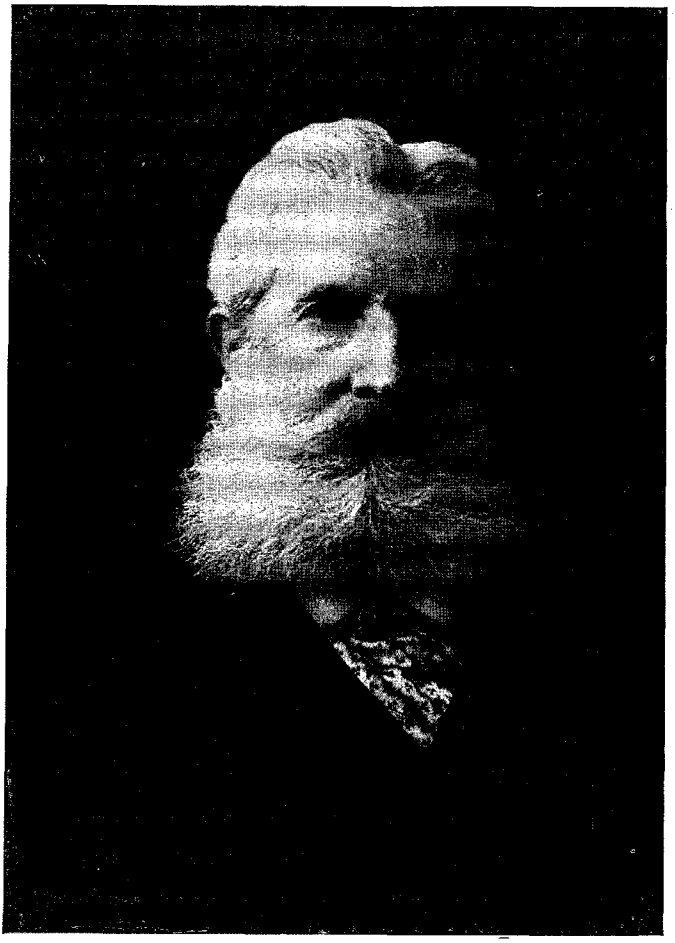
LIVING CRITICS.

VIII.—Edmund Clarence Stedman.



Edmund Clarence Stedman

It is now twenty-one years since Mr. Stedman's *Victorian Poets* appeared. Ten years later the *Poets of America* was published; and, after a lapse of nine years, *The Nature of Poetry* closed a comprehensive study of the practice of the art of poetry by the English-speaking race during the most productive modern period, and of poetry as an art. It is not probable that this body of critical work, which is now seen to possess both structural unity and formal order, was planned in its entirety at the start; indeed, we are distinctly told in the preface to a later edition of the *Victorian Poets* that that volume was "not the fulfilment of a deliberate plan, but that a peculiar train of thought and incident . . . led to its completion," and it may be assumed, without undue presumption, that the study of English poetry during a period when it deeply affected our own literary development led almost inevitably to a similar examination of American poetry, and that this prolonged reflection on the work of the two countries bore its ripe fruit in a further and final consideration of the nature and functions of an art whose finer products had so long been the subject of meditation.

In the field of purely critical work no larger task has ever been undertaken than that which Mr. Stedman has accomplished in these three volumns; from no other hand has come a more comprehensive example of interpretative criticism. If these studies, so vitally related to each other, had no other claim on our attention, their scope would command our respect; there is an element of impressiveness in the sustained work involved in a survey at once so comprehensive and so minute, so definite in its statement of general principles, so detailed in its illustration of those principles. That indisposition or inability to compose sustained and important works, which Mr. Stedman has noted in connection with the verse of our own poets, has, in his case, been signally overcome by a work which, in

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its entirety, is one of the most extensive in the recent history of Letters.

It is one of the prime qualities of this work that it followed natural lines of growth rather than a formal plan ; that it is the ripe fruit of life-long reflection, running parallel with original production in the same field, and not a *tour de force* of intellectual energy. Mr. Stedman is quite capable of the kind of effort which detaches itself from a man's first-hand knowledge, and follows the lead of his abstract speculation ; for he has, in a high degree, the energy both of will and of intellect which impel a man to the undertaking of exacting tasks and give him the power to perform them ; but his study of the art of poetry, and of its representative modern productivity among two nations, is first-hand, individual, and, in a true sense, original. It is the record of the contact of his own imagination with English and American verse, of that meditation upon this material which always goes on in the mind of the sensitive student, and of his own practice of the art which he was constantly examining.

This vital relation between the critic and his work gives Mr. Stedman's criticism the modern note of reality. He stands in the direct line of the true critical tradition ; he continues the work of Lessing, Goethe, Coleridge, Arnold, Ste. Beuve, and the little company of those who, in different languages and by methods as diverse as their individualities, have given criticism the authority which flows from scientific grasp of facts and unfolding of principles, and imparted to it the charm and freshness which were once believed to reside exclusively in what was called "original work." In these days a bit of criticism is often as true a piece of literature as the bit of verse or prose with which it deals. One has only to recall Amiel to be reminded that criticism in its highest forms *is* original, first-hand work. Mr. Stedman's critical studies are thoroughly modern in their vitality ; in their disclosure, that is, of the deeper unity which includes the poetry of a period in the essential life of that period, and which discerns the intimate and inevitable connection between the psychological conditions of a period and its entire expression through art, industry, and civic activities. This rich background, against which art must almost be seen, if its profounder aspects and significance are to be recognised and understood, is constantly suggested in Mr. Stedman's study of English and American poetry ; suggested, but not obtruded ; for Mr. Stedman's New England blood shows its presence in his clear grasp of the force and authority of individuality and the decisive emphasis which he throws upon the personal element. No man believes more thoroughly in genius in the old-fashioned sense of the word ; nor does any critic hold more uncompromisingly to the belief that a man of genius has not only his own way of saying a thing, but his own word to say—a word which expresses all that is most genuine, individual, and personal in him. Add to this a very definite conception of the art of poetry as unchanged in its principles through all the changes of form ; as an art and not a series of purely individualistic experiences and experiments, and the balance and sanity of Mr. Stedman's attitude as a critic become very clear. He enters into and comprehends the force of that process which involves the "insensible moulding of an author's life, genius, manner of expression, by the conditions of race, circumstance, and period ;" but he also recognises "with equal certainty that great poets overcome all restrictions, create their own styles, and even may determine the lyrical character of a period, or indicate that of one which is to succeed them." This gift of valuing justly the racial, the circumstantial, and the personal elements in literary work was an essential part of the equipment of a critic who was to analyse, interpret, and estimate the product of a period notable alike for its energy, its variety, and its fertility.

Mr. Stedman has practically destroyed whatever vitality survived in the tradition of the old formal criticism by the breadth of his treatment and the catholicity of his spirit. Nothing is more admirable in his work than the largeness of view which it discloses. He discerns at all points the subtle and invisible relationships which exist between the sensitive mind of the man of genius and the deeper movements and experiences of the life of his time—relationships which make such a man both leader and interpreter of his age ; which make it possible to present an age like the Victorian

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with a certain unity ; to find in the work of a poet of the range of Tennyson both a reflection of the mind of the period and the source of a new set of influences. For the sympathy of a man of genius is quite as distinctly a part of his gift as his faculty of insight ; is, indeed, involved in every flash of sight into the hidden sources of the confused phenomena of an age. The possession of genius is evidenced in no way more clearly than by the use of the divining power of discerning that which lies unspoken in the hearts of men. It is this double aspect of genius which explains both its sympathetic insight and its individuality of expression ; which makes a poet of Tennyson's gifts both an interpreter and a leader ; a mind which reflects its time and also leads it.

In any discussion or study of the principles or works of any art quite as much depends upon the feeling of the critic for his subject as upon the intellectual energy and vision which he brings to his work. A purely psychological or critical examination of the art of painting, for instance, may yield a clear and definite product of maxims, rules, and definitions, and yet leave the reader entirely unaware of the immense richness of illustration with which this art has filled the world ; the warmth, the vitality, the splendour of the painter's world may escape almost without note or suggestion. An artist dealing with the same theme may, on the other hand, miss the keenness, order, and precision of discrimination between methods and presentation of principles, and yet, by his feeling for and with his art, convey to the reader an impression of the range of its subjects and the wealth of its production, which not only goes far to make one feel the life of the art, but to grasp its underlying significance and structure. It was no small part of Mr. Stedman's equipment as a critic of poetry that he was first a poet himself. It was not necessary that he should have trained his own hand to metrical dexterity and have learned by his own practice the various kinds of skill which go to the making of good verse ; it was essential that he should have the poet's feeling for poetry ; that instinctive, intuitive perception of reality in vision and soundness in form. For the phenomena of the poetic activity in this century and among English-speaking people have been almost incredibly rich and splendid ; and no man can marshal these phenomena in any true order, interpret them in any adequate way, or present them with any corresponding beauty and depth of impression who does not share in the life of the time as it re-forms itself in the imagination and reflects itself in the imagery and music of rhythmical speech. In reading Mr. Stedman's account of the age on the side of its poetic activity, one receives a true impression of the range and splendour of that activity ; one feels the depths of emotion and thought which lie beneath it ; the endless variety of colour and music which it has had at command ; the practically unlimited range of temperamental resources which it has employed. And these phenomena, so full of charm in themselves, are not presented in isolation ; their kinship with the entire development of poetry is constantly suggested ; they are not only exhibited in their relations to our own time, but in the order of an art which has been old since Homer and Pindar.

It is interesting to note, too, how catholic and wise was Mr. Stedman's recognition of the changes in the point of view effected by science, and his forecast of the readjustments between the poetic method and the scientific method which those changes involved. Since the *Victorian Poets* appeared there has been no diminution of energy on the part of the students of natural phenomena and law, but there has been a great advance in breadth of view, in the recognition of the possible limitations of the scientific method, in the deepening of feeling for the religious phenomena of history ; and there has been a corresponding revival of courage among those to whom, in the fellowship of the poetic imagination, the visible universe is mainly a spiritual order expressed in a sublime series of symbols. In twenty years science has taught the world much, and has also learned much. Mr. Stedman recognised with a clearer intelligence than many of his contemporaries the reality of the scientific movement, and its ultimate contribution to the materials upon which the imagination plays. He saw that the short cut of accommodation to the new order which some of the younger poets were taking led neither to veracity nor to beauty ; that a long process of assimilation and ab-

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sorption must take place before the modern Orpheus could build the uncut blocks of fact into a higher order by the magic of his song. But he also saw, in a time when many thoughtful observers were beginning to believe that poetry had had its day, that the new knowledge could be finally absorbed only through the activity of the imagination, and finally interpreted and set in the order of absolute truth by the poetic mind alone. Mr. Stedman was at the same time catholic in his recognition of the immense contribution of the scientific mind to the knowledge of the world, and to the enlargement and enrichment of civilisation, and uncompromising in his assertion of the reality and authority of the poetic mind. He did not evade the changes which were inevitable, nor did he shrink from their ultimate results. This calm and courageous attitude meant a good deal twenty years ago; if it means less to-day, it is largely because it has reinspired an ebbing faith in the weaker followers and lovers of the Muse.

The enduring vitality of the art which, more than anything else, will make the Victorian age significant and interesting to future generations, could hardly be questioned by a student who felt so deeply the power at the heart of it and saw with such clear intelligence the diverse forms of its activity; but it shows both the acuteness and balance of Mr. Stedman's mind that he was not confused by the impressiveness and variety of another order of phenomena. Virility is, indeed, one of the distinctive notes in Mr. Stedman's work. His mind is essentially masculine; he has in an unusual degree sensitiveness to beauty, but he is never swept off his feet by a loveliness which charms the senses, but does not convince the mind. No one has more generously recognised the lyrical power of Swinburne, his magical touch on all the keys of speech; but none has resisted more successfully that intoxicating influence which has so often beguiled both readers and critics out of the mood of sane discrimination. No one has discerned more clearly the imaginative force inherent in Whitman, his prophetic foreshadowing of fundamental changes of mood and outlook upon life and its relations, but no sympathetic critic has kept his poise more completely in the presence of a personality and a gift essentially and masterfully masculine and democratic. No one has more happily recognised the prophetic quality in Mrs. Browning, "an inspired singer, if ever there was one—all fire and air—her song and soul alike devoted to liberty, aspiration, and love;" and no critic has laid his finger more unerringly on the limitations of the creative power in this exalted and noble nature, and on the defects in her feeling for and command of form. Dealing with many personalities, diverse in gift, but endowed with the common charm of great talent, or that supreme quality in which so many share, but so few really possess—genius—Mr. Stedman keeps his feet on solid ground through all the turbulent emotions and beguiling influences of a great period. He hears the song of the sirens as distinctly as those who wreck the critical faculty by complete surrender; but his convictions are not at the mercy of his ears; he holds steadily to those few but definite principles which the long history of poetry has formulated, and the knowledge of which, with the power of applying them, gives criticism whatever authority it possesses.

Mr. Stedman conceals his analytical power beneath a very catholic taste and culture and a very generous style; he writes with what may be called a free and hearty hand, eager to recognise power and beauty in whatever form they display themselves, and with a craftsman's delight in the special skills and felicities of the practitioners of his own art; but a very definite application of critical principles runs through his work, and gives it not only balance but authority. His note is essentially the note of interpretation; he accepts Goethe's maxim that the prime quality of the critic is that gift of sympathy which enables him to put himself in the place of the writer whose work he studies, and to examine that work in the light of the purpose which it aims to accomplish. But literary interpretation in the best sense involves literary judgment; a discriminating and dispassionate discernment of the relation of a piece of work to the highest standards of excellence in its field, to the ultimate possibilities of its writer, and to the demands, intellectual, emotional, and spiritual, of the matter in hand. The *Victorian Poets* and the *Poets of America* are interpreta-

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tive, in a very real sense, of the periods which they survey; and they are, for that very reason, likely to possess permanent importance as criticism. They are spiritual documents for the future student of our time; in which will be found not only the general and formative tendencies of that time, but, so far as the art of poetry is concerned, a sound judgment of those tendencies; in which will not only be found not only a series of sympathetic studies of men of poetic mind, with constant suggestion of their relations to each other and to their time, but also a keen analysis of defects, limitations, and artistic deflections and wanderings.

With all his generosity, Mr. Stedman never parts with a native shrewdness and independence, which are readily turned into intellectual qualities of high value in his work. His manner is broad and free, as befits his themes, but the breadth of treatment which he employs is entirely consistent with very deft bits of detail, nice distinctions, and acute discriminations. Even when he envelops his subject in a golden atmosphere of generous appreciation, he does not forget what Dr. Holmes has happily called "the stroke of characterisation." He exalts Tennyson with a warmth of feeling which might easily become lyrical, but he is not blind to the evident limitations of a poet whose sensitiveness to the latent music of words were at once his glory and his peril. Quite as definitely as Edward Fitzgerald and some of Tennyson's earlier friends had done, he pointed out the shoals and shallows in a wide and impressive stream of verse.

One who comes to Mr. Stedman's criticism from much of the recent criticism feels at once the change of air; here is found that *plein air* which is associated with the higher forms of literature; that breadth and range which have become traditional in the method of men to whom Letters have seemed not so much an affair of the moment as the business and pleasure of all time. The love of the fact, which is the source both of the strength and the weakness of a good deal of contemporary writing, has betrayed itself in criticism of late years in a searching study of antecedent conditions, in a somewhat rigid application of a few canons of judgment which are held to have not only scientific exactness behind them, but scientific authority in them, and in a marked disposition to emphasise the detail of a work rather than its constructive quality. From the standpoint of this kind of criticism Mr. Stedman's manner seems old-fashioned; it is too discursive; it does not fasten upon its theme like the glove which fits itself to every minute moulding of the hand; it is concerned too much with art and too little with the particular piece of art with which it deals.

Dealing with great productive periods and with groups of men representative, in their various gifts, of almost the whole range of the literary art, Mr. Stedman has shown no tendency to undervalue the work of recent times and new men. On the contrary, his generosity of recognition and of faith has been notable and conspicuous. In his desire to throw the door wide open to the younger writers of verse in this country he has seemed to some of his readers more catholic than critical. His position in that matter was, however, essentially sound; it was neither his purpose nor his function to set his contemporaries in their places. Those who are anxious to know his general impression of the more recent poetic production will find it, however, if they will read the chapter on "The Outlook," which closes the volume, with insight. The important fact to be noted in this connection is the openmindedness of a critic who might naturally have become somewhat insensible to a music so much lighter and less virile than that to which he has so long listened. But Mr. Stedman is intensely modern in spite of his love of the measures and metres of a melodious past; he sees clearly that a new movement has begun and will go far; he is in touch with that movement and ready to recognise its fruit whenever it bears the fruit of art. He is committed as a critic not to the old, but to the enduring; not to the continuity of the tradition of form, but to the continuity of the tradition of excellence. Alert, tireless, and charged with vitality, he will neither mistake a change of manner for a change of spirit, nor the continued practice of an old method for the abiding reality of an emotion which was once fresh and true, but which has ebbed with the tide which brought it in.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

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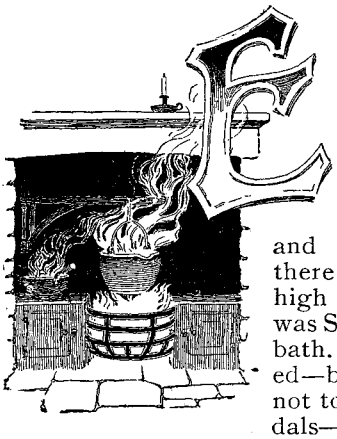
KATE CARNEGIE.*

By Ian Maclaren.

CHAPTER XIII.

PREPARING FOR THE SACRAMENT.



ENGLISH folk have various festivals in the religious year, as becometh a generous country, but in our austere and thrifty Glen there was only one high day, and that was Sacrament Sabbath. It is rumoured—but one prefers not to believe scandals—that the Scottish Kirk nowadays is encouraging a monthly Sacrament, after which nothing remains in the way of historical declension except for people to remain for the Sacrament as it may occur to them, and for men like Drumsheugh to get up at meetings to give their religious experiences, when every one that has any understanding will know that the reserve has gone out of Scottish character, and the reverence from Scottish faith. Dr. Davidson's successor, a boisterous young man of bourgeois manners, elected by popular vote, has got guilds, where Hillocks' granddaughter reads papers on Emerson and refers to the Free Kirk people as Dissenters, but things were different in the old days before the Revolution. The Doctor had such unquestioning confidence in himself that he considered his very presence a sufficient defence for the Kirk, and was of such perfect breeding that he regarded other Kirks with unbroken charity. He was not the man to weary the parish with fussy little schemes, and he knew better than level down the Sacrament. It was the summit of the year to which the days climbed, from which they fell away, and it was held in the middle of August. Then nature was at her height in the Glen, and had given us of her fulness. The barley was golden, and, rustling in the gentle wind, wearied for the scythe; the oats were changing daily, and had only so much greenness as would keep the feathery heads firm for the handling; the potatoes having received the last touch of the plough, were well banked up and flowering pleasantly; the turnips, in fine levels, like Hillocks', or gently sloping fields, like Menzies', were so luxuriant that a mere townsman could not have told the direction of the drills; the hay had been gathered into long stacks like unto the shape of a two-storeyed house, and the fresh aftermath on the field was yielding sweet morsels for the horses of an evening; the pasture was rich with the hardy white clover, and one could hear from the road the cattle taking full mouthfuls; young spring animals, like calves and lambs, were now falling into shape and beginning independent life, though with an occasional hankering after the past, when the lambs would fall a-bleating for their mothers and calves would hang about the gate at evening, where they had often fought shamelessly to get a frothy nose once more into the milk-pail.

Our little gardens were full a-blow, a very blaze and maze of colour and foliage, wherein the owner wandered of an evening examining flowers and fruit with many and prolonged speculations—much aided by the smoke of tobacco—as to the chance of gaining a second at our horticultural show with his stocks, or honourable mention for a dish of mixed fruit. The good wife might be seen of an afternoon about that time, in a sun-bonnet and gown carefully tucked up, gathering her berry harvest for preserves, with two young assistants, who worked at a modest distance from their mother, very black as to their mouths, and preserving the currants, as they plucked them, by an instantaneous process of their own invention. Next afternoon a tempting fragrance of boiling sugar would make one's mouth water as he passed, and the same assistants, never weary in well-doing, might be seen setting saucers of black jam upon the window-sill to

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"jeel," and receiving, as a kind of blackmail, another saucerful of "skim," which, I am informed, is really the refuse of the sugar, but, for all that, wonderfully toothsome. Bear with a countryman's petty foolishness, ye mighty people who live in cities, and whose dainties come from huge manufactories. Some man reading these pages will remember that red-letter day of the summer-time long ago, and the faithful hands that plucked the fruit, and the old kitchen, with its open beams, and the peat fire glowing red, and the iron arm that held the copper-lined pan—much lent round the district—and the smack of the hot, sweet berries, more grateful than any banquet of later days.

The bees worked hard in this time of affluence, and came staggering home with spoil from the hills, but it was holiday season on the farms. Between the last labours on the roots and the beginning of harvest there was no exacting demand from the land, and managing farmers invented tasks to fill up the hours. An effort was made to restore carts and implements to their original colour, which was abruptly interrupted by the first day of cutting, so that one was not surprised to see a harvest cart blue on one side and a rich crusted brown on the other. Drumsheugh would even send his men to road-making, and apologise to the neighbours—"juist reddin' up aboot the doors"—while Saunders the foreman and his staff laboured in a shamefaced manner like grown-ups playing at a children's game. Hillocks used to talk vaguely about going to see a married sister in Glasgow, and one year got as far as Kildrummie, where he met Piggie Walker, and returned to have a deal in potatoes with that enterprising man. More than once Drumsheugh—but then his position was acknowledged—set off on the Tuesday for Carnoustie with a large carpet bag containing, among other things, two pounds of butter and two dozen eggs, and announced his intention of spending a fortnight at the "saut water." The kirkyard would bid him good-bye, and give him a united guarantee that Sabbath would be kept at Drumtochty during his absence, but the fathers were never astonished to see the great man drop into Muirtown market next Friday on his way west—having found four days of unrelieved

GATHERING HER BERRY HARVEST.

gaiety at that Scottish Monaco enough for flesh and blood.

This season of small affairs was redeemed by the Sacrament, and preparations began far off with the cleaning of the kirk. As early as June our beadle had the face of one with something on his mind, and declined to pledge himself for roups of standing corn, where his presence was much valued, not on business grounds, but as an official sanction of the proceedings. Drumtochty always felt that Dr. Davidson was fully represented by his man, and John could no longer disentangle the two in his own mind—taking a gloomy view of the parish when he was laid up by lumbago and the Doctor had to struggle on single-handed, and regarding the future when both would be gone with despair.

"Aye, aye, Hillocks," he once remarked to that worthy, "this 'ill be a queer-like place when me an' the Doctor's awa'.

"Na, na, a' daurna promise for the roup, but ye can cairry it on whether a'm there or no; prices dinna hang on

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a beadle, and they're far mair than appearance. A'm juist beginning tae plan the reddin' up for the Saicrament, an' a've nae speerit for pleesure; div ye ken, Hillocks, a' wud actually coont a funeral distrackin'."

"Ye hev an awfu' responsibility, there's nae doot o' that, John, but gin ye juist jined the fouk fore ae field, it wud be an affset tae the day, an' the auctioneer wud be lifted."

With the beginning of July, John fairly broke ground in the great effort, and was engaged thereon for six weeks, beginning with the dusting of the pulpit and concluding with the beating Drumsheugh's cushion. During that time the Doctor only suggested his wants to John, and the fathers themselves trembled of a Sabbath morning lest in a moment of forgetfulness they might carry something of their farms with them and mar the great work. It was impressive to see Whinnie labouring at his feet in a grassy corner, while John watched him from the kirk door with an unrelenting countenance.

The elders also had what might be called their cleaning at this season, examining into the cases of any who had made a "mistak" since last August, and deciding whether they should be allowed to "gang forrit." These deliberations were begun at the collection plate, where Drumsheugh and Domsie stood the last five minutes before the Doctor appeared, and were open to the congregation, who from their places within learned the offenders' prospects.

"The Doctor 'ill dae as he considers richt, an' he's juist ower easy pleased wi' onybody 'at sets a-greetin', but yon's ma jidgment, Dominie."

"I do not wish to dispute with you, Drumsheugh"—Domsie always spoke English on such occasions—"and the power of the keys is a solemn charge. But we must temper a just measure of severity with a spirit of mercy."

"Ye may temper this or temper that," said Drumsheugh, going to the root of the matter, "but a' tell ye, Dominie, there's ower mony o' thae limmers in the country juist noo, an' a'm for making an example o' Jean Ferguson."

So Jean did not present herself for a token on the approaching fast day, and sat out with the children during the Sacrament with as becoming an expression of penitence as her honest, comely face could accomplish. Nor did Jean or her people bear any grudge against the Doctor or the Session for their severity. She had gone of her own accord to confess her fault, and was willing that her process of cleansing should be thorough before she received absolution. When a companion in misfortune spoke of the greater leniency of Pitscourie, Jean expressed her thankfulness that she was of Drumtochty.

"Nane o' yir loose wys for me—gie me a richt minister as dis his duty;" which showed that whatever might be her deflections in conduct, Jean's ideas of morals were sound.

Preparations in the parish at large began two weeks before the Sacrament, when persons whose attendance had been, to say the least, irregular slipped in among the fathers without ostentation, and dropping into a conversation on the weather, continued, as it were, from last Sabbath, used it skilfully to offer an apology for past failures in church observance.

"It's keepit up wonderfu' through the week, for a' never like ower bricht mornin's," old Sandie Ferguson would remark casually, whose arrival, swallow-like, heralded the approach of the great occasion. "The roads are graund the noo frae the heich (high glen); we've hed an awfu' winter, neeburs, up oor wy—clean blockit up. Them 'at lives ablow are michty favoured, wi' the kirk at their door."

"It's maist extraoirdinar' hoo the seasons are changin' "—Jamie Soutar could never resist Sandie's effrontery—"A' mind when Mairch saw the end o' the snow, an' noo winter is hangin' aboot in midsummer. A'm expeckin' tae hear, in another five year, that the drifts last through the Sacrament in August. It 'ill be a sair trial for ye, Sandie, a' wullin' kirkgoer—but ye 'ill hae the less responsibility."

"Millhole's here, at ony rate, the day, an' we're gled tae see him"—for Drumsheugh's pride was to have a large Sacrament—and so Sandie would take his place at an angle to catch the Doctor's eye, and pay such rapt attention to the sermon that any one not knowing the circumstances might have supposed that he had just awaked from sleep.

Ploughmen who on other Sabbaths

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slept in the forenoon and visited their sweethearts the rest of the day, presented themselves for tokens on the fast-day, and made the one elaborate toilette of the year on Saturday evening, when they shaved in turns before a scrap of glass hung outside the bothy door, and the foreman, skilled in the clipping of horses, cut their hair, utilising a porridge bowl with much ingenuity to secure a round cut. They left early on the Sabbath morning, forming themselves into a group against the gable of the kirk, and being reviewed with much satisfaction by Drumsheugh, who had a keen eye for absentees from the religious function of the year. At the first sound of the bell the ploughmen went into kirk a solid mass, distributing themselves in the servants' pews attached to the farmers' pews, and maintaining an immovable countenance through every part of the service, any tendency to somnolence being promptly and effectually checked by the foreman, who relaxed when alone on other days, but on Sacrament Sabbath realised his charge and never closed an eye. The women and children proceeded to their places on arrival, and the fathers followed them as the bell gave signs of ceasing. Drumsheugh and Domsie then came in from the plate and the administration of discipline, and the parish waited as one man for the appearance of John with the Bible, the Doctor following, and envied those whose seat commanded the walk from the manse down which the procession came once a week with dignity, but once a year with an altogether peculiar majesty.

Drumtochty exiles meeting in London or other foreign places and recalling the Glen, never part without lighting on John and passing contempt on all officials beside him. "Ye mind John?' one would say, wagging his head with an amazement that time and distance had in no wise cooled, and his fellow glensman would only reply, "Aye, ye may traivel the warld ower or ye see his marrow." Then they would fall into a thoughtful silence, and each knew that his neighbour was following John as he came down the kirkyard on the great day. "Comin' in at the door lookin' as if he didna ken there wes a body in the kirk, a' aye coontit best," but his friend had another preference. "It wes fine, but, man, tae see him set the bukes doon on the pulpit cushion, and then juist gie ae glisk roond the kirk as much as tae say, 'What think ye o' that?' cowed a'thing." It has been given to myself amid other privileges to see (and store in a fond memory) the walk of a University macebearer, a piper at the Highland gathering, a German stationmaster (after the war), and an alderman (of the old school), but it is only justice to admit, although I am not of Drumtochty, but only as a proselyte of the gate, that none of those efforts is at all to be compared with John's achievement. Within the manse the Doctor was waiting in pulpit array, grasping his father's snuff-box in a firm right hand, and it was understood that, none seeing them, and as a preparation for the strain that would immediately be upon them, both the minister and his man relaxed for a minute.

"Is there a respectable attendance, John?" and the Doctor would take a preliminary pinch. "Drumsheugh does not expect many absentees."

"Naebody's missin' that a' cud see, sir, except that ill gettit wratch, Tammie Ronaldson, and a' coont him past redemption. A' gaed in as a' cam doon, and gin he wesna lyin' in his bed sleepin' an' snorin' like a heathen."

"Well, John, did you do your duty as an officer of the church?"

"A' stood ower him, Doctor, an' a' juist said tae masel', 'Shall a' smite wi' the sword?' but a' left him alane for this time." And so they started—John in front with the books, and the Doctor a pace behind, his box now in the left hand, with a handkerchief added, and the other holding up his gown, both dignitaries bare-headed, unself-conscious, absorbed in their office.

The books were carried level with the top button of John's waistcoat—the Psalm-book being held in its place by the two extended thumbs—and neither were allowed to depart from the absolute horizontal by an eighth of an inch, even going up the pulpit stairs. When they had been deposited in their place, and slightly patted, just to settle them, John descended to make way for the Doctor, who had been waiting beneath in a commanding attitude. He then followed the minister up, and closed the

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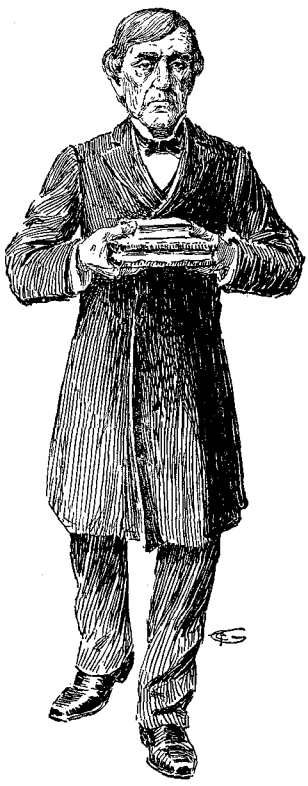

HE WAS A MERE WISP OF A MAN.

door—not with a bang, but yet so that all might know he had finished his part of the work. If any one had doubted how much skill went to this achievement, he had his eyes opened when John had the lumbago, and the smith arrived at the kirk door three yards ahead of the Doctor, and let the Psalm-book fall on the pulpit floor.

"We're thankfu' tae hae ye back, John," said Hillocks. "Yon wes a temptin' o' Providence."

Once only had I the privilege of seeing John in this his glory, and the sight of him afflicted me with a problem no one has ever solved. It might, indeed, be made a branch of scientific investigation, and would then be called the Genesis of Beadles. Was a beadle ever a baby? What like was he before he appeared in his office? Was he lying as a cardinal in petto till the right moment, and then simply showed himself to be appointed as one born unto this end? No one dared to hint that John had ever followed any other avocation, and an effort to connect John with the honourable trade of plumbing was justly regarded as a disgraceful return of Tammie Ronaldson's for much faithful dealing. Drumtochty refused to consider his previous history, if he had any, and looked on John in his office as Melchizedek, a mysterious, isolated work of Providence. He was a mere wisp of a man, with a hard, keen face, iron-grey hair brushed low across his forehead, and clean-shaven cheeks.

"A've naething tae say against a beard," on being once consulted, "an' a'm no prepared tae deny it maun be in the plan o' Providence. In fact, gin a' wes in a private capaucity, a' michtna shave, but in ma public capaucity, a've nae alternative. It wud be a fine story tae gang roond the Presbytery o' Muirtown that the Beadle o' Drumtochty hed a beard."

His authority was supreme under the Doctor, and never was disputed by man or beast save once, and John himself admitted that the circumstances were quite peculiar. It was during the Doctor's famous continental tour, when Drumsheugh fought with strange names in the kirkyard, and the Presbytery supplied Drumtochty in turn. The minister of St. Mungo's, Muirtown, was so spiritual that he left his voice at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and lived in the Song of Solomon, with occasional incursions into the Lamentations of Jeremiah, and it was thoughtless not to have told Mr. Curlew that two or three dogs—of unexceptionable manners—attended our kirk with their masters. They would no more have thought of brawling in church than John himself, and they knew the parts of the service as well as the Doctor, but dogs have been so made by our common Creator that they cannot abide falsetto, and Mr. Curlew tried them beyond endurance. When he lifted up his voice in "Return, return, O Shulamite, return, return," a long wail in reply, from below a back seat where a shepherd was slumbering, proclaimed that his appeal had not altogether failed. "Put out that dog," said the preacher in a very natural voice, with a strong suggestion of bad temper, "put that dog out immediately; it's most disgraceful that such . . . eh, conduct should go on in a Christian church. Where is the church officer?"

"A'm the Beadle o' Drumtochty"—

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standing in his place—"an a'll dae yir pleesure;" and the occasion was too awful for any one, even the dog's master, to assist, far less to laugh.

So Laddie was conducted down the passage—a dog who would not condescend to resist—and led to the outer gate of the kirkyard, and John came in amid a dead silence—for Mr. Curlew had not yet got his pulpit note again—and faced the preacher.

"The dog's oot, sir, but a' tak this congregation tae witness, ye begood (began) it yirsel'," and it was said that Mr. Curlew's pious and edifying chant was greatly restricted in country kirks from that day.

It was not given to the beadle to sit with the elders in that famous court of morals which is called the Kirk Session, and of which strange stories are told by Southern historians, but it was his to show out and in the culprits with much solemnity. As a familiar of the Inquisition, he took oversight of the district, and saw that none escaped the wholesome discipline of the Church.

"Ye're back," he said, arresting Peter Ferguson as he tried to escape down a byroad, and eyeing the prodigal sternly, who had fled from discipline to London, and there lost a leg; "the'ill be a meetin' o' Session next week afore the Saicrament; wull a' tell the Doctor ye're comin'?"

"No, ye 'ill dae naething o' the kind, for a'll no be there. A've nae suner got hame aifter ma accident but ye're tormentin' me on the verra road wi' yir Session. Ye drave me awa' aince, an' noo ye wud hairy (hunt) me aff again."

"A weel, a weel"—and John was quite calm—"dinna pit yirsel' in a feery farry (excitement); ye 'ill gang yir ain wy and earn yir ain jidgment. It wes for yir gude a' spoke, and noo a've dune ma pairt, an' whatever comes o't, ye 'ill no hae me or ony ither body tae blame."

"What think ye 'ill happen?"—evidently sobered by John's tone, yet keeping up a show of defiance. "Ye wud think the Session wes the Sheriff o' Perthshire tae hear ye blawin' and threatenin'."

"It's no for me tae say what may befa' ye, Peter Ferguson, for a'm no yir jidge, but juist a frail mortal, beadle though I be; but a' may hev ma thochts.

"Ye refused the summons sax month syne, and took yir wys tae London—that wes contumacy added tae yir ither sin. Nae doot ye made certain ye hed escapit, but hed ye? A' leave it tae yirsel', for the answer is in yir body," and John examined Peter's wooden leg with an austere interest.

"Aye, aye, ma man," he resumed—for Peter was now quite silenced by this uncompromising interpretation of the ways of Providence—"ye aff tae London, an' the Lord aifter ye, an' whuppit aff ae leg. Noo ye declare ye 'ill be as countermacious as ever, an' a'm expeckin' the Lord 'ill tak the ither leg, an' gin that disna dae, a' that remains is tae stairt on yir airms; and, man Peter, ye 'ill be a bonnie-like sicht afore a's dune."

This was very faithful dealing, and it had its desired effect, for Peter appeared at next meeting, and in due course was absolved, as became an obedient son of the Church.

John did not, however, always carry the sword, but bore himself gently to young people so long as they did not misbehave in church, and he had a very tender heart toward probationers, as being callow members of that great ecclesiastical guild in which he was one of the heads.

When one of those innocents came to take the Doctor's place, John used to go in to visit them in the dining-room on Saturday evening, partly to temper the severity of his wife, Dr. Davidson's housekeeper, who dealt hardly with the lads, and partly to assist them with practical hints regarding pulpit deportment and the delivery of their sermons. One unfortunate was so nervous and clinging that John arranged his remarks for him into heads—with an application to two classes—and then, having suggested many points, stopped under the yew arch that divided the kirkyard from the manse garden, and turned on the shaking figure which followed.

"Ae thing mair; aifter ye're dune wi' yir sermon, whether ye're sweatin' or no, for ony sake fa' back in yir seat and dicht (wipe) yir broo," which being done by the exhausted orator, made a great impression on the people, and was so spread abroad that a year afterward it won for him the parish of Pitscourie.

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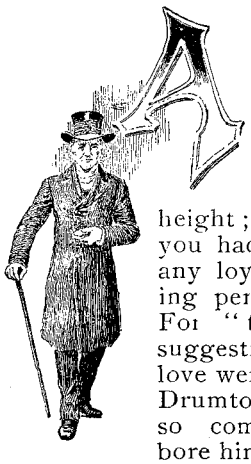
CHAPTER XIV.

A MODERATE.



AS a matter of fact, Dr. Davidson, minister of Drumtochty, stood exactly five feet nine in his boots, and was therefore a man of quite moderate height; but this is not what you had dared to state to any loyal and self-respecting person in the parish. For "the Doctor"—what suggestions of respect and love were in that title on a Drumtochty tongue — was so compactly made and bore himself with such dignity, both in walk and conversation, that Drumsheugh, although not unaccustomed to measurement and a man of scrupulous accuracy, being put into the witness-box, would have sworn that Dr. Davidson was "aboot sax feet aff and on—maybe half an inch mair, stannin' at his full hicht in the pulpit." Which fond delusion seemed to declare abroad, as in a parable, the greatness of the Doctor.

Providence had dealt bountifully with Dr. Davidson, and had bestowed on him the largest benefit of heredity. He was not the first of his house to hold this high place of parish minister—the only absolute monarchy in the land—and he must not receive over-praise for not falling into those personal awkwardnesses and petty tyrannies which are signs of one called suddenly to the throne. His were the pride of blood, the inherent sense of authority, the habit of rule, the gracious arts of manner, the conviction of popular devotion, the grasp of affairs, the interest in the people's life, which are the marks and aids of a royal caste. It was not in the nature of things that the Doctor should condescend to quarrel with a farmer or mix himself up with any vulgar squabble, because his will was law in ninety cases in a hundred, and in the other ten he skilfully anticipated the people's wishes. When the minister of Nether Pitfoodles—who had sermons on "Love, Courtship, and Marriage," and was much run after in Muirtown—quarrelled with his elders about a collection, and asked the interference of the Presbytery, Dr. Davidson dealt severely with him in open court as one who had degraded the ministry and discredited government. It was noticed also that the old gentleman would afterward examine Nether Pitfoodles curiously for minutes together in the Presbytery, and then shake his head.

"Any man," he used to say to his reverend brother of Kildrummie, as they went home from the Presbytery together, "who gets into a wrangle with his farmers about a collection is either an upstart or he is a fool, and in neither case ought he to be a minister of the Church of Scotland." And the two old men would lament the decay of the ministry over their wine in Kildrummie Manse—being both of the same school, cultured, clean-living, kind-hearted, honourable, but not extravagantly evangelical clergymen. They agreed in everything except in the matter of their after-dinner wine, Dr. Davidson having a partiality for port, while the minister of Kildrummie insisted that a generous claret was the hereditary drink of a Scottish gentleman. This was only, however, a subject of academic debate, and was not allowed to interfere with practice—the abbé of Drumtochty taking his bottle of claret, in an appreciative spirit, and the curé of Kildrummie disposing of his two or three glasses of port with cheerful resignation.

If Drumtochty exalted its minister above his neighbours, it may be urged in excuse that Scottish folk are much affected by a man's birth, and Dr. Davidson had a good ancestry. He was the last of his line, and represented a family that for two centuries had given her sons to the Kirk. Among those bygone worthies, the Doctor used to select one in especial for honourable mention. He was a minister of Dunleith, whose farmers preferred to play ball against the wall of the kirk to hearing him preach, and gave him insolence on his offering a pious remonstrance. Whereupon the Davidson of that day, being, like all his race, short in stature, but mighty in strength, first beat the champion player one Sabbath morning at his own game to tame an unholy pride, and then thrashed him with his fist to do good to his soul. This happy achievement in practical theology secured an immediate congregation, and produced so salutary an effect on the schismatic ball-player that he became in due course

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an elder, and was distinguished for his severity in dealing with persons absenting themselves from public worship, or giving themselves overmuch to vain amusements.

At the close of the last century the Doctor's grandfather was minister of the High Kirk, Muirtown, where he built up the people in loyalty to Kirk and State, and himself recruited from the Perthshire Fencibles. He also delivered a sermon entitled "The French Revolution the just judgment of the Almighty on the spirit of insubordination," for which he received a vote of thanks from the Lord Provost and Bailies of Muirtown in council assembled, as well as a jewel from the Earl of Kilspindie, the grandfather of our lord, which the Doctor inherited and wore on the third finger of his left hand. Had Carmichael or any other minister decked himself after this fashion, it had not fared well with him, but even the Free Kirk appreciated a certain pomp in Dr. Davidson, and would have resented his being as other men. He was always pleased to give the history of the ring, and generally told a story of his ancestor, which he had tasted much more frequently than the sermon. A famous judge had asked him to dinner as he made his circuit, and they had disputed about the claret, till at last its excellence compelled respect at the close of the first bottle.

"'Now, Reverend Sir,' said the judge, 'this wine has been slandered and its fair fame taken away without reason. I demand that you absolve it from the scandal.'

"'My Lord,' said my worthy forbear, 'you are a great criminal lawyer, but you are not well read in Kirk law, for no offender can be absolved without three appearances.'"

"My grandfather," the Doctor used to conclude, "had the best of that jest besides two bottles of claret, for in those days a clergyman took more wine than we would now think seemly, although, mark you, my sagacious grandfather always denounced drunkenness on two grounds, first, because it was an offence against religion, and second, because it was a sign of weakness."

Some old folk could remember the Doctor's father, who never attained to the Doctorate, but was a commanding personage. He published no sermons, but as the first Davidson in Drumtochty, he laid the foundations of good government. The Kilspindie family had only recently come into the parish—having purchased the larger part of the Carnegies' land—and Drumtochty took a thrawn fit, and among other acts of war pulled down time after time certain new fences. The minister was appealed to by his lordship, and having settled the rights of the matter, he bade the factor wait in patience till the Sacrament, and Drumsheugh's father used to tell unto the day of his death, as a historical event, how the Doctor's father stood at the communion-table and debarred from the Sacrament evil livers of all kinds, and that day in especial all who had broken Lord Kilspindie's fences, which was an end of the war. There was a picture of him in the Doctor's study, showing a very determined gentleman, who brought up both his parish and his family upon the stick.

With such blood in his veins it was not to be expected that our Doctor should be after the fashion of a modern minister. No one had ever seen him (or wished to see him) in any other dress than black cloth and a broad-brimmed silk hat, with a white stock of many folds and a bunch of seals depending from some mysterious pocket. His walk, so assured, so measured, so stately, was a means of grace to the parish, confirming every sound and loyal belief, and was crowned, so to say, by his stick, which had a gold head, and having made history in the days of his father, had reached the position of a hereditary sceptre. No one could estimate the aid and comfort that stick gave to the Doctor's visits, but one quite understood the force of the comparison Hillocks once drew, after the Doctor's death, between the coming to his house of the Doctor and a "cry" from his energetic successor under the new *régime*.

"He's a hard-workin' body, oor new man, aye rin rinnin', fuss fussin' roond the pairish, an' he's a pop'lar hand in the pulpit, but it's a puir business a veesit frae him.

"It's juist in an' oot like a cadger buyin' eggs, nae peace an' nae solemnity. Of coorse it's no his blame that he's naethin' tae look at, for that's the wy he wes made, an' his father keepit a pig (china) shop, but at ony rate he micht get a wise-like stick.

"Noo, there wes the Doctor 'at's dead an' gone; he didna gang scrammel-

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in'. an' huntin' aifter the fouk frae Monday tae Saiturday. Na, na, he didna lower himsel' prayin' an' paiterin' like a missionary body. He announced frae the pulpit whar he wes gaein' and when he wes comin'.

"'It's my purpose,'" and Hillocks did his best to imitate the Doctor, "'to visit the farm of Hillocks on Wednesday of this week, and I desire to meet with all persons living thereon;' it wes worth callin' an intimation, an' gied ye pleesuie in yir seat.

"On Tuesday aifternoon John wud juist drap in tae see that a'thing wes ready, and the next aifternoon the Doctor comes himsel', an' the first thing he dis is tae lay the stick on the table an' gin he hed never said a word, tae see it lyin' there wes a veesitation. But he's a weel-meanin' bit craturie, Maister Peebles, an' handy wi' a magic lantern. Sall," and then Hillocks became incapable of speech, and you knew that the thought of Dr. Davidson explaining comic slides had quite overcome him.

This visitation counted as an event in domestic life, and the Doctor's progress through the Glen was noted in the kirkyard, and any special remark duly reported. Nothing could be more perfect than his manner on such occasions, being leisurely, comprehensive, dignified, gracious. First of all he saluted every member of the family down to the bairns by name, for had he not at least married the heads of the household, and certainly baptised all the rest? Unto each he made some kindly remark also—to the good man a commendation of his careful farming, to the good-wife a deserved compliment on her butter; the eldest daughter was praised for the way in which she was sustaining the ancient reputation of Hillocks' dairy; there was a word to Hillocks' son on his masterly ploughing; and some good word of Dominie Jamieson's about the little lassie was not forgotten. After which the Doctor sat down—there was some difficulty in getting the family to sit in his presence—and held a thorough review of the family history for the last year, dwelling upon the prospects of Charlie, for whom the Doctor had got a situation, and Jean, the married daughter, whose husband might one day have a farm with four pair of horses in the carse. The Doctor would then go out to give his opinion on the crops, which was drawn from keen practical knowledge—his brochure on "The Potato Disease: Whence it Came and How it is to be Met" created much stir in its day—and it was well known that the Doctor's view on bones or guano as a preferable manure was decisive. On his return the servants came in—to whom also he said a word—and then from the head of the table he conducted worship—the ploughmen looking very uneasy and the children never taking their eyes off his face, while the gudewife kept a watchful eye on all. At the prayer she was careful to be within arm's reach of Hillocks, since on one memorable occasion that excellent man had remained in an attitude of rapt devotion after the others had risen from their knees, which sight profoundly affected the family, and led the Doctor to remark that it was the only time he had seen Hillocks play the Pharisee in public. The Doctor's favourite passages were the eulogium on the model housewife in Proverbs, the parable of the Good Samaritan, and the 12th chapter of Romans, from which he deduced many very searching and practical lessons on diligence, honesty, mercy, and hospitality. Before he left, and while all were under the spell of his presence, the Doctor would approach the delicate subject of Hillocks' "tout-mout" (dispute) with Gormack over a purchase at a roup, in which it was freely asserted that Gormack had corrupted the Kildrummie auctioneer, a gentleman removed above pecuniary bribes, but not unaffected by liquid refreshment. So powerfully did the Doctor appeal to Hillocks' neighbourliness that he took snuff profusely, and authorised the Doctor to let it be understood at Gormack that the affair was at an end, which treaty was confirmed by the two parties in Kildrummie train, when Hillocks lent Gormack his turnip-sowing machine and borrowed in turn Gormack's water-cart. Mr. Curlew had more than once hinted in the Presbytery of Muirtown that Dr. Davidson was not so evangelical as might be desired, and certainly Mr. Curlew's visitation was of a much more exciting nature; but St. Mungo's congregation was never without a quarrel, while the Doctor created an atmosphere in Drumtochty wherein peace and charity flourished exceedingly.

Whatever might be urged in praise of his visitation, surely the Doctor could never be more stately or fatherly than

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on Sacrament Sabbath, as he stood in his place to begin service. His first act was to wipe elaborately those gold eye-glasses, without which nothing would have been counted a sermon in Drumtochty Kirk, and then, adjusting them with care, the Doctor made a deliberate survey of the congregation, beginning at his right hand and finishing at his left. Below him sat the elders in their blacks, wearing white stocks that had cost them no little vexation that morning, and the precentor, who was determined no man, neither Saunders' Baxter nor another, should outsing him that day in Coleshill. Down the centre of the kirk ran a long table, covered with pure white linen, bleached in the June showers and wonderfully ironed, whereon a stain must not be found, for along that table would pass the holy bread and wine. Across the aisle on either side, the pews were filled with stalwart men, solemn beyond their wonted gravity, and kindly women in simple finery, and rosy-cheeked bairns. The women had their tokens wrapped in snowy handkerchiefs, and in their Bibles they had sprigs of apple-ringy and mint, and other sweet-scented plants. By-and-by there would be a faint fragrance of peppermint in the kirk—the only religious and edifying sweet, which flourishes wherever sound doctrine is preached and disappears before new views, and is therefore now confined to the Highlands of Wales and Scotland, the last home of our fathers' creed. The two back seats were of black oak, richly carved. In the one sat the General and Kate, and across the passage Viscount Hay, Lord Kilspindie's eldest son, a young man of noble build and carriage, handsome and debonair, who never moved during the sermon save twice, and then he looked at the Carnegies' pew.

When the Doctor had satisfied himself that none were missing of the people, he dropped his eye-glass—each act was so closely followed that Drumsheugh below could tell where the Doctor was—and took snuff after the good old fashion, tapping the box twice, selecting a pinch, distributing it evenly, and using first a large red bandana and then a delicate white cambric handkerchief. When the cambric disappeared, each person seized his Bible, for the Doctor would say immediately with a loud, clear voice, preceded by a gentlemanly clearance of the throat, "Let us compose our minds for the worship of Almighty God by singing to His praise the first Psalm.

"That man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray—"

Then Peter Rattray, of the high Glen, would come in late, and the Doctor would follow him with his eye till the unfortunate man reached his pew, where his own flesh and blood withdrew themselves from him as if he had been a leper, and Peter himself wished that he had never been born.

"Five minutes earlier, Peter, would have prevented this unseemly interruption—ahem."

"In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way."

Before the Sacrament the Doctor gave one of his college sermons on some disputed point in divinity, and used language that was nothing short of awful.

"Grant me those premises," he would say, while the silence in the kirk could be felt, "and I will show to any reasonable and unprejudiced person that those new theories are nothing but a resuscitated and unjustifiable Pelagianism." Such passages produced a lasting impression in the parish, and once goaded Drumsheugh's Saunders into voluntary speech.

"Yon wes worth ca'in' a sermon. Did ye ever hear sic words oot o' the mooth o' a man? Noo that bleatin' craatur Curlew 'at comes frae Muirtown is juist pittin' by the time. Sall, ae sermon o' the Doctor's wud last yon body for a year."

After the sermon the people sang,

"'Twas on that night when doomed to know,"

and the elders, who had gone out a few minutes before, entered the kirk in procession, bearing the elements, and set them before the Doctor, now standing at the table. The people came from their pews and took their seats, singing as they moved, while the children were left to their own devices, tempered by the remembrance that their doings could be seen by the Doctor, and would receive a just recompense of reward from their own kin in the evening. Domsie went down one side and Drumsheugh the other, collecting the tokens, whose clink, clink in the silver dish was the only sound.

"If there be any other person who

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"WILL YOU LET ME WALK WITH YOU FOR A LITTLE?"

desires to take the Sacrament at this the first table" (for the Sacrament was given then to detachments), "let him come without delay."

"Let us go, dad," whispered Kate. "He is a dear old padre, and . . . they are good people and our neighbours."

"But they won't kneel, you know, Kit; will you . . . ?"

"We 'ill do as they do; it is not our Sacrament." So the father and daughter went up the kirk and took their places on the Doctor's left hand. A minute later Lord Hay rose and went up his aisle, and sat down opposite the Carnegies, looking very nervous, but also most modest and sincere.

The Doctor gave the cup to the General, who passed it to Kate, and from her it went to Weelum Maclure, and another cup he gave to Hay, whom he had known from a child, and he handed it to Marget Howe, and she to Whinnie, her man; and so the two cups passed down from husband to wife, from wife to daughter, from daughter to servant, from lord to tenant, till all had shown forth the Lord's death in common fellowship and love as becometh Christian folk. In the solemn silence the sunshine fell on the faces of the communicants, and the singing of the birds came in through the open door with the scent of flowers and ripe corn. Before the congregation left the Doctor addressed a few words of most practical advice, exhorting them, in especial, to live in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, and to be good neighbours. It was on one of those occasions that he settled a dispute between masters and men—whether the cutting of grass for the horses' breakfast should be included in the day's work—and ended the only bitterness known in Drumtochty.

At the kirk gate Hay introduced himself to his father's friend, and the General looked round to find his daughter, but Kate had disappeared. She had seen the face of Marget Howe after the Sacrament as the face of one in a vision, and she had followed Marget to the road.

"Will you let me walk with you for a little? I am General Carnegie's daughter, and I would like to speak to you about the Sacrament; it was lovely."

"Ye dae me much honour, Miss Carnegie," and Marget slightly flushed, "an' much pleasure, for there is naething dearer tae me than keeping the Sacrament; it is my joy every day and mickle comfort in life."

"But I thought you had it only once a year?" questioned Kate.

"With bread and wine in outward sign that is once, and maybe eneuch, for it makes ane high day for us all, but div ye not think, Miss Carnegie, that all our life should be ane Sacrament?"

"Tell me," said Kate, looking into Marget's sweet, spiritual face.

"Is it no the picture of His Luve, who thocht o' everybody but Himsel', an' saved every body but Himsel', an'

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didna He say we maun drink His cup and live His life?"

Kate only signed that Marget should go on.

"Noo a'm judgin' that ilka ane o's is savit juist as we are baptised intae the Lord's death, and ilka time ane o's keeps back a hot word, or humbles a proud heart, or serves anither at a cost, we have eaten the Eody and drunk the Blood o' the Lord."

"You are a good woman," cried Kate, in her impulsive way, so quick to be pleased or offended. "May I come to see you some day?"

"Dinna think me better than I am: a woman who had many sins tae fecht and needit many trials tae chasten her; but ye will be welcome at Whinny Knowe for yir ain sake and yir people's, an' gin it ever be in ma poor tae serve ye, Miss Carnegie, in ony wy, it wull be ma joy."

Twice as she came through the woods Kate stopped; once she bit her lip, once she dashed a tear from her eye.

"Where did you go to, lassie?" and the General met Kate at the gateway. "Lord Hay came to the drive with me, and was quite disappointed not to meet you—a very nice lad indeed, manly and well-mannered."

"Never mind Lord Hay, dad; I've been with the most delightful woman I've ever seen."

"Do you mean she was in kirk?"

"Yes, sitting across the table—don't laugh; she is a farmer's wife, and a better lady than we saw in India.

"Oh, dad," and Kate kissed her father, "I wish I had known my mother; it had been better for me, and . . . happier for you."

(*To be continued.*)

STARS AND FLOWERS.

The stars enchant the upper skies,
  The flowers chain the feet;
They look into each other's eyes,
  And flame and fragrance meet.

So will it be when Death unbars
  These slender doors of ours,
And turns our spirits into stars
  Our bodies into flowers.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

BROWN EYES—A FANCY.

Her dreamy eyes are deep
As the fathomless eyes of sleep,
And will no love declare,
Nor laugh nor weep;
And daring souls who dive
Into the water brown,
To win the secrets there,
Sink and drown,
Or else are chained alive
A thousand fathoms down.

Ronald Campbell Macfie.

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LONDON LETTER.

MARK RUTHERFORD.

The time has perhaps come for setting down a few facts about the very remarkable writer known as Mark Rutherford. For some time his identity was jealously concealed, but now it has been practically admitted by the publications in his later novels of a list which includes works written under his name, and also under his pseudonym.

I shall never forget the impression made upon me when I first read *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*. I picked it up in Edinburgh, attracted mainly by its appearance. It was bound in grey paper with a white label, and was published by the then famous firm of Trübner and Company. Trübners' business was mainly in Oriental books, but when they did anything in English, it was commonly well worth looking at. On getting into the train, I opened the book and was immediately fascinated by the preliminary poem in which the writer anticipates death, and sums up his history thus :

> " For I was ever commonplace,
> Of genius never had a trace,
> My thoughts the world have never fed,
> Mere echoes of the book last read."

Passing on to the prose, I at once experienced the irresistible charm of the style. If there are any books of this generation better written than this, I do not know them. There is very little colour and no apparent elaboration, but the words perfectly fit the thought. The author is like the painter who can produce a perfect circle. I had seen no style quite like this—a style translucent in its simplicity, and yet incapable of any amendment. Nor was the matter less noteworthy. Many have written of dissent, some foolishly, some ignorantly, some spitefully, but this writer wrote not only with knowledge, but with insight. And he dealt with life, laying bare its secret places, and especially rendering with consummate skill the miseries of its dark hours. If there is anywhere a more wonderful study of melancholia than the first part of *Mark Rutherford*, I have not seen it. The book attracted a little attention, but not very much, and I found it impossible to get any clew to the authorship.

By and by the second part appeared, and I read it with even more delight and wonder than the first. It is perhaps the highest achievement of the author. Although it may not be so powerful as its predecessor, it is much rosier, more hopeful, more believing, and it is full of a noble faith in a woman's pure affection as the crowning joy of a career otherwise sordid and insignificant. The thought that runs through it, and, indeed, through all the author's books like a thread of fire, is the glory of a woman's love for a man who is of no account, as revealing the very heart of God. I wrote many reviews of the book in different periodicals ; other critics took it up to some extent, notably Mr. H. D. Traill, and it made a little headway. By this time I had a clew to the authorship. A translation of Spinoza's *Ethics* was published by Messrs. Trübner with a preface by W. Hale White. On reading this, I felt that very certainly W. Hale White was Mark Rutherford, and so it turned out. About this time Mr. W. D. Howells wrote a notice of the books in *Harper's Monthly*, in which he said that they marked a new era in fiction. For this cause I have never since that day written a word against Mr. Howells's criticisms, and still am willing that he should say anything he pleases about English writers provided he keeps true to Mark Rutherford ; for one of Mark Rutherford's distinctions is the personal affection and admiration which he inspires so strongly in his readers. By and by there appeared his third book, *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*. It is perhaps the closest to his own history of any among the three, and in scattered passages it is the best of all. The fault is that it consists of two parts which are not well put together. It may be described as a study of the sorrows of incompatibility. He makes out, as perhaps no other writer has ever made out, that misery may come from marriages in which there is true affection and strict morality, but where there is no genuine communion of spirit. This book gives me a convenient opportunity of summarising the author's life. Mr. Hale White's father was Mr. William White,

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the original of Isaac Allen in *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*. He was a printer and bookseller in Bedford, where he commenced business about 1829. He was a man of great ability and force of character; for many years he was one of the most earnest workers at Bunyan Meeting, then called the Old Meeting, was a superintendent of the Sunday-school, a village preacher, and one of the trustees. Bunyan Meeting, a large dissenting chapel, was founded by the illustrious author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, who was its first pastor, and is now ministered to by Dr. John Brown, one of the leaders of English Nonconformity, and the author of the best biography of Bunyan. Tanner's Lane stands for Bunyan Meeting. In political life Mr. White was a great power in the town. At a public meeting he could carry the people with him, and make the Tories shake in their shoes. He had a strong voice, a ringing oratory, and strong Liberal convictions, and was the *bête noire* of all Tories and Protectionists. When an attempt was made by some narrow-minded Churchmen to introduce the Church Catechism into the public schools, and to make them denominational, he carried the question against them. In February, 1848, his son, William Hale White, joined the Church of Bunyan Meeting, and in July, 1848, was unanimously approved as a candidate for the ministry, and recommended to Cheshunt College. On the establishment of New College, in 1850, he appears to have migrated thither. New College is a leading theological seminary in connection with the Congregationalists, and has buildings situated in St. John's Wood. All seems to have gone well till the close of 1851, when he and two other students fell under the suspicion of the college authorities on account of their views on inspiration. Not much would be thought of these views at the time, but then orthodoxy was very strict and absolutely predominant. The pupils were stubborn, and all three were expelled. In the course of the proceedings, Mr. White senior wished that the minister of Bunyan Meeting, Bedford, the Rev. John Jukes, the original of the Rev. John Broad in *Tanner's Lane*, and the Church should stand by his son, and formally protest against the action of the college authorities. Mr. Jukes, however, belonged to the old school of theologians, and his sympathies were against the lad. From that time and after that refusal the Whites cherished a strong feeling of resentment against Mr. Jukes. Mr. Jukes had, of course, a perfect title to his own convictions, and he was technically within his rights. But a bitter feeling toward him is expressed in *Tanner's Lane*, perhaps too bitter. Mr. Jukes, I have been told, was by no means a strong man intellectually, and his sympathies theologically were far from broad, but he was a worthy minister and thoroughly upright. John Broad, by the way, was the name of a Dissenting minister in Hitchin, a town not far from Bedford.

After Mr. White's expulsion from New College the Whites at Bedford broke off all connection with Bunyan Meeting, and ultimately left off going to any place of worship at all. Mr. White set up a tannery which did not prosper, and fortunately for him, he obtained the position of doorkeeper to the House of Commons, where he remained till he was pensioned off about 1880. He died on February 26th, 1882, aged eighty-five. During the time he was doorkeeper to the House, he was widely known and much respected by the members. John Bright had much affection for him, and Mr. Disraeli used often to go to White's private room on the ground floor, and there stand at ease and talk with his back to the fire. For many years Mr. White wrote a weekly paper for the *Illustrated Times* entitled "The Inner Life of the House of Commons," a pungent, trenchant criticism on men and things. I am glad to hear that a selection from these articles is to be edited by his old friend, Mr. Justin McCarthy. The work could not be in fitter hands.

Meanwhile, the future author of *Mark Rutherford* had a struggle of which not much definite record survives. He did much literary hack work, but very little of it is to be found under his own name. In the *Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography* he did such articles apparently as the editor had difficulty in placing elsewhere, his most important biography being one of Franklin, which is well done and with much sympathy. He wrote political letters in the *Birmingham Post* and in the *Rochdale Observer*. I have gone over these very carefully, and

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they are admirable in their way, breathing a strong spirit of sympathy with Liberalism and Dissent. For some time he was more or less connected with that strange being, John Chapman, the editor of the *Westminster Review*. If ever Chapman's history is written fully and accurately, it will form a romance of the most extraordinary kind. In these days he knew George Eliot, who was for some time Chapman's sub-editor in the *Westminster Review*. The only thing he published separately was a letter to George Jacob Holyoakes on Parliamentary Reform, a most vigorous and trenchant bit of writing. He had got a position in the Admiralty, and kept rising until he was able to cease journalistic work. He lived for a long time in a house built by himself at Carshalton, Surrey, and since his retirement from the public service has lived at Hastings, where he continues his studies. Mrs. Hale White died after a long illness some six years ago.

I should perhaps have mentioned that some of his best writing appeared where so much good writing is buried—in the columns of the *Morning Star*, where he wrote a series of papers entitled "Below the Gangway." If I am not mistaken a description of his house by himself appears in the original edition of Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera*.

Since the publication of *Tanner's Lane*, Mr. Hale White has issued various books, among them *Miriam's Schooling*, a masterly sketch in its way, *Catherine Furze*, and *Clara Hopgood*. This letter is not intended to be critical, and therefore I do not enter on the merits of these. I shall content myself with saying that his last book, *Clara Hopgood*, appears to be utterly unworthy of him from every point of view. There are sentences in it that none but he could have written, but, on the whole, it is unsatisfactory even in style, while the moral teaching is in sad contrast with that of his early books. It has been received with profound disappointment by all in the circle of his admirers that I am able to communicate with. His reputation, and it is a very secure reputation, rests on those two noble and memorable books, *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* and *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, June 3, 1896.

PARIS LETTER.

It has been somewhat prematurely announced in the papers that M. Adolphe d'Ennery has entered a legacy of £80,000 on his will for the Societé des Auteurs Dramatiques. The old gentleman has not done so yet, but does not deny that he, or rather his wife, has some such intention, although he appears annoyed that the matter should in any way have been made public. The amount, by the way, is almost franc for franc the sum that at various times he has received through the agency of the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques for his rights in his phenomenally successful play, *The Two Orphans*, a play which has caused more tear-shed in France than any play that was ever produced.

The interest which attaches to this item of news is enhanced by the fact that it has been made public at a time when the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques is being violently attacked, by *les jeunes*, among French dramatic authors. This revolution is being led by M. Léon Gandillot, who demands nothing less than the abolition of the Society. "I want a dramatic author," he says, "to be able to earn his living without having recourse to the Society. This, as matters stand at present, he is unable to do, because, on the one hand, all members of the Society undertake to allow their pieces to be performed only in theatres the managers of which have an agreement with the Society, while all the managers, on the other hand, who have an agreement with the Society, are bound, no matter what author's play they are performing, to pay the author's fees every night to the Society. So that if a manager took it into his head to play the piece of an author who was not a member of the Society, he would be forced to pay author's fees to the Society in addition to those which he had to pay to the author himself. So unless an author is a member of the Society he

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has no chance whatever of being performed." M. Gandillot also says: "We derive no advantages in exchange for this servitude. There is the so-called 'community of action for the defence of our rights.' But that is a mere joke, for the Society never takes action on behalf of a member, unless he be some particularly big 'pot.' The young men are always left to shift for themselves." He complains that the collection of fees in the provinces is very carelessly attended to. "I have over and over again drawn the Society's attention to the fact that my pieces have been played here or there, and that I have received no fees, but no attention has been paid to my complaints. I want to be at liberty to withdraw, but at present that is impossible, and I am forced to submit to onerous and ridiculous conditions." My own opinion is that M. Léon Gandillot is rather severe on the Society. He points to the position of English dramatic authors as an argument in favour of non-unionism, a singularly unfortunate argument.

On the 25th of this month, Émile Zola is to receive at a solemn meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals a diploma and a gold medal. I do not know why. I never knew that Zola showed any particular interest in animals, though I admit that he is of angelic patience toward a particularly snappy and vicious little terrier, who renders a visit to the Rue de Bruxelles a terror to the nervous interviewer, and in moments of excitement snaps at anybody, its master included, who may be within reach. On the other hand, in his writings, Zola has delighted rather to show the viler sides of animals' nature. There is the cat who considers the regular drowning of all her kittens as the right and proper thing; there is Gideon, the donkey, who gets drunk; and so many others. And the scene when the famishing soldiers, in *La Débâcle*, hack a wounded horse to death with a piece of flint is a scene of horrible cruelty, placidly described, without indignation. Daudet, on the other hand, very clearly expresses his detestation of brute beasts, from dogs downward. One evening when I was dining at his house with the Director of Fine Arts and M. de Goncourt, the conversation turned on horses, and it was the general opinion that the horse, although "a splendid machine" (as M. Gustave Larroumet put it) had a vicious, cruel, mischievous look, *une sale tête*, concluded M. de Goncourt.

De Goncourt's Memoirs continue in *feuilleton* in the *Écho de Paris*, and the style maintains itself wonderfully. However much certain critics may ridicule these garrulities, they are decidedly interesting and amusing, and to those who know Goncourt and have met him *dans le monde*, there is a special interest in watching the diary for the possible mention of their names, coupled, it may be, with a delightful compliment or a terrible *critique*. But I think the old gentleman goes rather too far in certain instances. For instance, what purpose can be served by the publication of the entry of December 6th, 1893, in which he tells a horrible story of Victor Hugo, who is represented as paying his addresses to a lady who was on terms of intimacy with his own son? Of course, one does not believe the story, and its publication can only wound the relatives and friends of Victor Hugo.

Speaking of Hugo, it is generally understood in Paris that the editorship of *La Nouvelle Revue* is now entirely in the hands of young George Hugo, whose recent book detailing his life as a sailor has been very well received in Paris, and is a decided achievement both in point of style and of matter.

I can heartily commend to all lovers of Verlaine an interesting brochure by Felix Régamey, who was one of Verlaine's earliest and most intimate friends. It is published by Floury, and deals, with *preuves à l'appui*, with Verlaine's talents as a draughtsman. Régamey writes of Verlaine: "He was, or might have been, a great draughtsman. No science, no flourishes, nothing superfluous nor useless." And he compares him to certain Japanese masters. The book, which contains, besides several portraits of Verlaine by Régamey, many of the poet's drawings, was a revelation to me, for, though I had often seen Verlaine sketching at a café table, one forgot the draughtsman in the poet.

Among a shoal of new novels, I notice *Un Roman d'Amour*, by Vicomte Spoelboerch de Lovenjoul. Its interest lies in the fact that it describes very accurately Balzac's courtship and marriage of Mademoiselle de Hanska, a marriage which was so unfortunate both for Bal-

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zac and the world of letters. The novel is true to history in every respect, and can be read in conjunction with, and as supplementary to, the biographies of the great novelist.

Yesterday's *Figaro* (May 15th) contains an amusing skit by M. Alfred Capus, entitled "Littérature," which may be commended to the Society of Authors. It represents a conversation between a publisher and an author. The author has asked the publisher to consider a volume of poems, and the publisher, refusing to look at the manuscripts, tells the author to sit down and multiply 137,454 by 91,357. The author, although surprised, attempts the task, and spends twenty minutes over it. The result is quite wrong. "You don't know how to multiply," cries the publisher. "That's already a great deal in favour of an author in these days. But what about division? Be good enough to divide 9,851 by 16. Eh? That's easy enough." THE AUTHOR: "Look here, sir, I'll be frank with you. I had rather renounce the honour of having you as my publisher than have to do sums. I was always at the bottom of the class in mathematics, and I can't even do a simple addition. (*Rising and taking his hat.*) So, Monsieur——" THE PUBLISHER (*transported*): "To my arms, my young friend. You can't do sums. . . . Your book shall come out in a fortnight. (*Shaking his hand warmly.*) Make yourself at home here." I suppose this dialogue is a sly allusion to the recent dissensions between Paul Bourget and his publishers.

M. Henri Rochefort's *Mémoirs* are being translated into English by Ernest Smith, an English journalist resident in Paris, and will be published in London and New York by Edward Arnold.

Old Paris is gradually disappearing. Just now No. 32 of the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne is being pulled down, a famous house which stands on the site of the old farmhouse which belonged to Louisa Emilia de la Tour d'Auvergne, Abbess of Montmartre, who gave her name to this street, a street which has always been the favourite residence of literary men and of politicians. Opposite No. 32 stood the house where one night Louise Colet attempted to murder Alphonse Karr, with a knife, to punish him for having said that she had no talent, an incident which created a great sensation in Paris at the time, and suggested to Karr his famous aphorism on the abolition of capital punishment: *Que messieurs les assassins commencent.* Elsewhere in this street resided at different times Victor Hugo, Béranger, Alfred de Musset, Henry Mürger, Mdlle. Duchesnois, General Berton, and Francisque Sarcey.

"What's that parson doing here? Take him away at once." It is hardly credible, but it is nevertheless the fact that these words were addressed to the *huissiers* of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris by M. Berthelot, the Minister, on taking possession of the Minister's private room, and referred to a full-length portrait of Cardinal Richelieu. It has been malevolently suggested that it was the statesman rather than the cleric who irritated Monsieur Berthelot, distinguished rather for science than for politics. The portrait had originally been hung up in the ministerial *cabinet* by M. Hanotaux, who has a great admiration for Cardinal Richelieu, whose history he has written.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

BROODING.

Into the heart of man's extremest sin
Methought I gazed: in part there played within
  Its hearth the wan flame of revived offence,
The brute inheritance of ashen kin.

Philip Becker Goetz.

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NEW BOOKS.

NATURE AND CULTURE.*

If a tree, planted close by some library of the world's great literature, had thrust many of its roots through the mortar of the stones to the bookshelves within; if, by some law beyond our comprehension, these roots had crept slowly along the shelves and, clasping in their long, noiseless, sensitive fingers the mighty volumes one by one, had drained their spiritual and intellectual life from them as so much physical nourishment for the tree outside; if, meantime, the other roots had been feeling their way far and wide into nature, finding due lodgment and direction and always fed by soil and rain and sun; if the streams of living force thus set flowing into the tree should lift it up into twofold maturity, and the tree, being thus doubly mature, should drop its well-ripened fruit; if, passing near some day, we should see the ground strewn with a generous basketful, and stooping to taste here and there we should discover that each specimen of the fruit contained the separate flavours of the great library and the great earth—if all this were possible, it would furnish a new fact to which one might fitly liken Mr. Mabie's volume of *Essays on Nature and Culture*.

As regards them—their sources, their range, their quality, their ripeness—he has been as a tree thus planted. His mind has drawn nourishment alike from the dim alcoves searched with the lamp and from the dark earth whitened by the sun. His companions have been both the mighty thinkers within and the mighty forces without. The inner eye, no less than the external, has been wide open, far-seeing, full of light—the eye that has grown used to sweep the spaceless landscapes of the mind, long ago marked out by others, and to recognise for itself the old familiar sky line of the human spirit.

And from this close association with both the master-thinkers of the world and the master-forces of nature, Mr. Mabie has furthermore stamped his work with the qualities that nearly always come to a writer from the influence of the greatest, these best of teachers. It is sincere; it is calm; it is finely tempered; it is rooted and poised in health; it is fair-minded and broad-minded and high-minded; it is well measured, well ordered; it is strained clear of false and mean, of paltry and worthless things; its sole concern lies with the essential, the universal, the eternal; and, in a word, both in form and spirit it shows the nearness of its origin to the vast reservoirs of art and of truth, that have poured themselves freely into its grooves and depths.

But no wrong inference should be drawn from this. Mr. Mabie's book, though much fostered by the library, is not an echo of the shelves. If we turn to those parts of it that have to do with the problems of culture and the philosophy of the human mind, the everywhere sounding note does strike us as familiar. Whatever he teaches comes home to us as though it had come home before. And we may feel prone, therefore, to bend our ear cunningly, listening for the long vibrations of that tremble backward to the alcoves; we may choose to look upon him as a new sower come forth to sow new fields, though really scattering grain that was garnered from the earliest wheatfields of the Nile. But if we did, we should rather prove our incompetency to recognise a fundamentally new book when we saw it; we should overlook the fact that the surest sign of a fresh, true voice is the persuasion it carries with itself that it is an old one; we should show ourselves never to have reached the scholar's last, perhaps his wisest discovery—that the highest teaching on such subjects, no matter where or when uttered throughout the world, has always been and must always be much the same.

There is a Church, we know, that holds to the dogma of an Apostolic Succession in spiritual gifts and divine authority; but to the mere man of letters the nearest approach to anything like Apostolic Succession in the palpable experience of the race is this of the intellect: it is this historic continuity of the world's thought—in itself the

* Essays on Nature and Culture. By Hamilton W. Mabie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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stupendous miracle of the species. As the scholar tries to trace this miracle out, alighting obscurely upon its broken vestiges one by one in far separated centuries and countries, he can well take refuge in that dogma of the Church as at least furnishing him with a counterpart to his own discoveries. The first great thinker of the world thus becomes to him as one who was led out solitary to some vast mountain-top, there to receive the divine laying on of hands as a consecration to his work; and every other thinker, coming after him when or where he may, has seemed constrained to ascend the same mountain, to stand on the same rock, to place his feet in the same high footprints, to sweep his glance over essentially the same human landscape, to mark the same mortal horizon, to utter the same unvarying, but needful wisdom to those who must quickly pass beyond it.

Thus, the newer books that are wise seem to hold within themselves the echoes of the wise books that are older; until, coming to the oldest books of all, we discover that they, too, are full of well-known reverberations: as in truth they are—the reverberations of the one human heart and intellect and spirit. This radical oneness of all larger utterance will go on to the end, when a single unbroken arc of thought will span like an invisible bow the history of our race, with one end resting on its cradle, the other on its grave.

It is the very antiquity of this note of wisdom in the philosophical portions of Mr. Mabie's book that marks it as a searching, a genuine, and a rare one; it is the world-likeness of his deliverance that constitutes its first intrinsic warrant. And whether or not he has chosen so to regard himself, it is both this antiquity and this likeness that will make him appear as one who has sought to join the world-procession of the major and the minor prophets.

Of a truth much greater daring would be required of him, had he ventured to speak in any character less commanding. For the very breadth and depth, the mere grandeur and majesty of the themes that he has chosen to discourse upon, force him into the universal company of the untechnical, intuitive philosophers of spiritual illumination and drive his feet toward the mountain top of sacred utterance. He must wish to be heard from that height or not at all. Few, indeed, would care to listen to him if they thought that he had voluntarily placed himself anywhere lower down.

But while this never-absent figure of the world-prophet on the mountain at no time wholly changes; while the sweep of his vision embraces the same mental landscape and sinks down at the spiritual horizon; while his speech maintains the world-antiquity and the world-likeness, there is something below him that does not change—the generations. The human flock, crowded about the base for audience and for guidance, and waiting to be shepherded from afar; the human flock of unlike breeds, of differing needs; renewing itself as forever the same, yet never as quite the same; perpetually appointed to be sent forth into new pastures; so needing to be led along new pathways, warned against new chasms, torrents, foes; needing always to hear the voices of the older wisdom that were spoken to the other, the long perished flocks; but needing last of all to be guided by the voice of any new wisdom also, for lack of which those others strayed more foolishly, blindly, fatally.

It is this universal condition of our common human life, involving always the unchangeable and the ever-changing, that fixes the character of the books which are sent forth into the world to become our shepherds: they must unite the old wisdom with the new wisdom; they must speak to us as all others have spoken, they must speak to us as none other ever spoke. If Mr. Mabie's book comes forth upon any definite mission whatsoever, it must be this: it must wait before us as such a shepherd, for it asks of us that we follow submissively in its lead, under promise that it will guide our lives into new and better pastures. Perforce we look questioningly at it therefore for this second attestation of its pastoral office; we require that there shall first sound from out of it a new voice, worth hearing, not heard before.

Listening faithfully, we can hear this. It reaches the ear from those portions of the essays that address warnings to us, based upon a study of the disturbing, the destructive, forces at work in our new civilisation, our new age; but we hear it sounding more plenteously in the yet other and far more extended portions, which announce new points of

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view regarding nature—points of view never until now attained by the human mind in all its long evolving knowledge of the universe. Herein, therefore, lies the new wisdom of the volume, addressed to the new flock; and it is this new wisdom, united to the old with which it has already been accredited, that fills out its character and completes its aim.

Touching, further, these new points of view respecting nature—touching, in truth, all the nature-portions of these essays—a fixity of attitude is maintained that is deeply significant. As between culture and nature—viewed as separate deep and deep, with the little-known laws of the one and the well-known laws of the other—always it is nature that is appealed to as the standard of what is true and right. It is her method that is uniformly upheld; her economy that is justified; her processes that are used for delicate elucidation; her authority that is everywhere insisted upon as the sovereign power. It is a re-valuation of nature in the light of the new knowledge of our time, and it is a life folded into the rhythm of her rhythm and filled with the wisdom of her wisdom that is made the very starting-point of that process of individual evolution which is here styled culture. Herein also then lies the essential and characteristic newness of the work; that in the form of the essay it becomes part of that general voice of our time which is sounding the recall to nature, sounding it with an intelligence and an experience that the race has never been able to command before. In truth, more than a mere recall; sounding rather the invitation to a union with nature such as the race has never yet known or been prepared to celebrate. We have heard this mighty summons first of all in science; but it is in the new poetry, in the new fiction, in the new painting; after centuries of alienating, gloom-haunted theology, it is beginning to send a little sunlight into our poor, cruel thoughts of God. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the entire movement of our current higher life, whether in religion, or art, or morals, or philosophy, is nature-ward. The great mother seems about to be enthroned as never before in the affections and in the dutiful service of the species. It is the timely distinction of these essays, then, to seize upon the single idea of culture—that wondrous idea at the mere mention of which we give such respectful attention—and to bring it within the nature-ward drift of the age by showing that it also lies within the realm of natural method, analogy, and selection.

It is when we come upon the handling of these topics that we may for the first time feel that Mr. Mabie's work is pervaded by a vagueness and vacillation that constitute a fundamental lack, an inexcusable weakness. How shall a man write in vigour, in rigour, in pellucid clearness, of culture and of nature, making use all the time of a series of analogies and correspondences between the two as the very basis of his philosophical exposition, without once so much as stating what the relation of man to nature is? If, for instance, man is but a part of nature, as a drop of water in the ocean is but part of the ocean, and if the universal method of nature, so far as known to us, is that of evolution, then what is culture but individual evolution, and what has one to do in writing of culture but to state and to point out that the laws of nature as governing the whole are the laws of nature as governing the part? If, on the other hand, the relation of man to nature is not that of a mere part to its whole—not that of a drop out of the ocean to the ocean, but rather, say, that of a stormy petrel above to an ocean of waters below—then the entire exposition of correspondences, or analogies, or relations of whatsoever kind between the petrel and the ocean, must rest not upon the scientific conception of essential oneness, but upon the scientific conception of essential difference. In so far as the scientific bases of his work are concerned, Mr. Mabie has used indifferently the one or the other of these conceptions. It is not too much to say, in truth, that perhaps all the great material or immaterial systems of philosophy that have dealt with man's place in nature are sooner or later recognised by him. So that on one page we find very good pantheism, on another excellent evolution, on another quite orthodox separate-creation. Now it is Pythagoras or Plato, now Lucretius; or by turns it is Hegel, it is Fichte, it is Herbert Spencer; and all this, as has been said, would seem at first thought to constitute a fundamental lack, an inexcusable weakness.

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But on a second and better thought it becomes the very reverse. This avoidance of scientific hypotheses constitutes the due modesty of the book, its absolute open-mindedness, its inmost core of soundness.

For who that has ever spoken to us on the subject or shall ever speak can say what man's place in nature really is? And by turn are not all of us all things—pantheists, evolutionists, deists, dualists?

It is this very absence of scientific hypotheses, then, that comes as the final grace to this book and brings us back to the thought of it as a common shepherd; for being that, it must shun the doubtful, keep to the well known. And be our speculations as discordant as they may, all of us can at least follow as one flock in the leading of any voice, that will teach us to be more wisely, more happily, at home in our mortal dwelling-place. For if the earth be not our mother and our end, it is at least our pasture; and we may well be grateful to have it shown us where it is most green and where lie its stillest, sweetest waters.

James Lane Allen.

GEORGE'S MOTHER.*

So far as we know, the public has not been told authoritatively just when Mr. Crane actually wrote the book that is now before us. If, however, we may form a conjecture regarding the date of its composition from a consideration of the internal evidence, we should say that its first draft must belong to the time when he wrote and published *Maggie*. Judged by the qualities of style and strength we should, in fact, pronounce it to be even earlier, and probably one of Mr. Crane's first attempts at serious composition; for it is altogether crude and unsatisfactory. Were it from the pen of an unknown writer, we should dismiss it in a dozen lines.

George Kelcey, a young workingman, whom Mr. Crane with his usual chromatic characterisation describes as "brown," lives in a tenement-house with his mother. The mother is a member of the W. C. T. U., and is proud of George, but doesn't show it. George meets a former acquaintance named Jones, and they drink together. Later they visit a "smiling saloon" and drink some more, and George is introduced to several of the semi-respectable habitués of the place. They all sit in a little back room and continue drinking, while Mr. Crane describes the various colours that can be noticed in their surroundings. George presently goes home, and a few nights later he attends a drinking-bout in another back room where one of his new friends lives. On this occasion he drinks more than is good for him, and sees as many colours as even Mr. Crane can well enumerate. Some glasses are broken by the revellers, and an infinitive is split by Mr. Crane. Some days after this, George attends a prayer-meeting, but it does not interest him. There is a shadowy girl whom George sees occasionally, and whom he thinks he could fascinate if he tried; but he doesn't try, and she is apparently interested in some one else, so George drinks still more and gets in the way of hanging around bar-room doors and affiliating with a "gang." His mother dies one day while he is so engaged. George is summoned by a small boy whose own mother spanks him because he does not come fast enough when she calls. The book ends with the spanking and the coincident death of George's mother.

This is sorry stuff. Even if it were well done, it is not worth the doing; and it is not well done. There is absolutely no reason why it should have been done at all. The whole thing is simply an incoherent fragment, told with no purpose and fraught with no interest. Who cares about what George said to the bartender or what the bartender said to George? There is no meaning to any of it. Some one will say that it is a bit of intense realism; but that is just what it isn't. Anyone can hang around a bar-room and jot down the conversation and also print it, but this is not realism. Literary realism would perhaps take such wretched material as this for its own purposes, but it would use it with some insight, some psychology, some grasp upon the essential meaning of it all. We are not going to object to the narrative of a squalid debauch, but we do assert that if a writer forces it upon our notice, he shall justify himself by limning it with some power and artistic sense, as Zola drew,

* George's Mother. By Stephen Crane. New York: Edward Arnold. 75 cts.

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in *L'Assommoir*, that Rabelaisian revel at which Coupeau and Lantier met and opened up the way for the final *débâcle*. Rhyparography is the lowest form of art, but at least it should be good of its kind. Mr. Crane's rhyparography is in this book incongruous, formless, and deadly dull.

The book is a small one, yet its publication seems to us to involve a principle. When an English author by any chance attains a sudden and definite success, he is always extremely solicitous that his earlier and imperfect books should not be dragged out and thrust upon the public in a violent effort to take advantage of his "boom." He rather suppresses them altogether, as Anthony Hope has tried to do with some of his early stories, or at least he rewrites them, as Thomas Hardy rewrote *Desperate Remedies*. And he does this partly out of regard to his own literary reputation, and partly from an honourable feeling of what is due to the public that admires him. We commend this precedent to Mr. Crane, and beg to suggest that an author who within a single year has forced critics to compare his work with that of the greatest living realists, ought not, as a mere matter of self-respect, to rake over his literary ash-barrel and ask us to accept his old bones and junk as virgin gold.

H. T. Peck.

SOCIAL THEORY.*

The universal interest in social questions has both a practical and a theoretic side. Together with the active work of ameliorating social conditions must go careful but intelligent study of facts and principles. Without some authentic body of social theory there can be no adequate social practice. In the present volume Professor Bascom undertakes a grouping of social facts and principles and the elaboration of a social theory.

The book is undoubtedly one of considerable value and importance. It is, however, difficult of assimilation. The writer must confess that he found it necessary to give it close attention and to read a number of times its table of contents in order to get thoroughly in mind the scheme of the author. It is rather a piece of social philosophy than an attempt at a scientific treatise. The method of treatment is radically different from that followed by Professor Giddings, for instance, whose *Principles of Sociology* recently appeared; and also from that of Professor Small of the University of Chicago, whose *Introduction to the Study of Society* constitutes, with Professor Giddings's book and the present volume by Professor Bascom, the three special recent contributions to the subject of Sociology.

The present volume is concerned chiefly with a study of the phases of progress offered by our own and by English society. This because economic and civic forces are especially vigorous here, and a greater variety of social questions arise here than elsewhere, and "are answered more freely and more directly under the principles involved in them."

The theory of the author is as follows: Society is especially cumulative in its constructive forces. It is, therefore, the most comprehensive of those combinations we term organic. In studying sociology, we must limit our inquiry to those forms of action which are directly organic in society. There are five forms of organic force in society: Customs, Economics, Civics, Ethics, and Religion. These five organic forms of social action fall into three groups—namely. First, Customs; second, Economics and Civics; third, Ethics and Religion. The first group is that of primitive instinctive organic forces—forces which initiate society and precede deliberate voluntary action. The second group includes forms of voluntary action involving the intelligent life of man; yet as compared with the third group, they are under more exterior and irresistible impulses and have a distinctly physical bearing. The third group pertains to action in its most spiritual incentives.

"Customs predominating, we have a barbarous or a semi-civilised form of society. Personal interests and civic dependencies in the ascendency, we have the more advanced forms of civilisation. The spiritual impulses uppermost, we pass into that enlightenment, that wide, adequate vision which still, for the most part, lies before us."

His discussion of Customs seems to us wanting in breadth of vision and scientific appreciation, and this will illus-

* Social Theory: A Grouping of Social Facts and Principles. By John Bascom. Library of Economics and Politics. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. $2.00.

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trate what seems to us the lack of the book.

Since the appearance of Kidd's *Social Evolution* the idea would seem to have been fixed in the minds of most students that any thoroughgoing science of Sociology must be founded upon Evolution, and must consist largely of an interpretation of social phenomena in the light of that theory. An adequate hypothesis, such as is supplied by the theory of Evolution, would seem absolutely essential as a basis for a social theory. Without this any scheme of social philosophy is unsatisfactory, and we must confess that this is just the want we find in Professor Bascom's treatise. It lacks a basis. It is artificial. One feels the author to be philosophising in mid-air. To be sure, the task of applying the theory of Evolution to the interpretation of social phenomena is by no means an easy one, and has hardly begun doing as yet. If one is to be thoroughgoing, one must forego many of the most interesting discussions in which Professor Bascom's book abounds. The fact is, that a satisfactory science of society will take shape only as the result of a long line of continuous and conservative effort. The attempt to construct a social theory without evolution as a basis is the attempt to make bricks without straw.

Arthur W. McDougall.

MR. FULLER'S "PUPPET-BOOTH."*

Henry Fuller is distinctly a literary writer whose work will always have a special interest for the clique of letters. Ever since James Russell Lowell named *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* a "precious book," so setting the seal of connoisseurship upon Mr. Fuller's art, and inviting others to read that delicious piece of criticism and humour, as light and as fine as anything in Henry James, and yet more buoyant, the inner circle have been watching with anxious interest its author's artistic development. I think that disappointment as well as surprise have attended Mr. Fuller's departures in fiction during the last few years. *The Cliff-Dwellers* and *With the Procession* were both literary *tours de force* of a certain sort; but as Stevenson has said in a bit of self-criticism that shows the artist's insight, they "lacked all pleasurableness, and hence were imperfect in essence." Mr. Fuller has always been the critic of life. He is the "man who sees things as they are" of one of his own dramas; and as the criticism which has humour for its motive is always delightful, his early work has much artistic charm. But with his conversion to democracy and realism, the criticism became disillusion.

Mr. Fuller could not see anything but the intolerable side of Chicago civilisation, and in *The Cliff-Dwellers* he wrote of it not only tragically, but in the bald, impersonal manner that betrayed the outsider. In *With the Procession* he deserts the Mérimée indifference in part, and makes an effort at sympathy with Mr. Garland's epic figures of the young democracy. But the result is again artistic depression, cynicism unrelieved by one touch of the old gay humour. Another point: Mr. Fuller, when he gives his temperament the least play, works in a method much less downright than that of modern realism; so that *With the Procession*, despite the solidity of its material, is elusive in its main drift. That and the precise coherence of the story have always been to me matters of conjecture. His genius is the genius of half-lights and delicate suggestion, and it works most happily on refined material.

In the present volume Mr. Fuller has again followed the beck of temperament, whether for a temporary vacation from the hard dogma of realism or not remains to be seen. Certainly nothing could be farther removed in form from his late ventures in the contemporaneous than these dozen plays. *Puppet-Booth*—the very name suggests the process of idealisation by which the people we meet every day become the typical abstract figures of the stage-world. "Shakespeare for marionettes," as Maeterlinck wrote, is his ambition. The critics place the literary inspiration of these plays with Maeterlinck. And there is something in their symbolical character and exaggerated impressionism that suggests him. Certainly the form is well suited to Mr. Fuller's very subtle intentions. Most characteristic of the author's personality are such pieces as "On the Whirlwind" and "The Light that Always Is," studies in life's little ironies which will arrest the philosopher. But "The Cure of Souls," "The Love of Loves," and "At St.

* The Puppet-Booth. Twelve Plays by Henry B. Fuller. New York: The Century Co. $1.25.

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Judas's" have a power of dramatic intensity and directness which these other ventures lack, and which marks a growth in Mr. Fuller's art. They are powerful illustrations of the author's daring use of symbolism in the setting of his dramas; for sometimes he seems to have directed his main appeal to the imagination through the eye, so that the throbbing colours of the background pictures are the indelible impressions on the memory. There seem to me but two pieces of deliberate humour in the book. One, the parody of Ibsen; and the other, that delicious fling at the novel of adventure which Mr. Howells and Mr. Garland have charged with weightier philippics.

"An Old Woman (rushing forth from the crowd). 'He has slain my son!'

"The Host's Daughter (screaming). 'What! My Franz!' (Both women throw themselves on the dead body of the young halberdier).

"The Stranger (seating himself beside the Count's Niece). 'That is a detail.'

"The Count's Niece. 'My hero!'"

But Mr. Fuller is so sly that it is sometimes hard to tell where the serious artist ends and the ironic artist begins. There is a sentence in one of his presumably earnest plays that makes one wonder if he has not been parodying the very symbolism that he has used with such striking effect.

"Henceforth I shall pluck not the asphodel, but the amaranth; my moonlight shall no longer be green, but rosy-red; and even the humblest of the paths I take shall be paved for me with shimmering rainbows."

If this is not parody, let Mr. Fuller beware!

On the whole, I do not think that the author has put forth this volume too seriously or as any final expression of his art. Indeed, the original *Chevalier*, more than any of his later work, has the accent of the man who has found his manner. But merely experimental as *The Puppet-Booth* seems, it is of interest to Mr. Fuller's public, as it shows a return, if not to his early manner, yet to his imaginative preferences. His genius has deepened since it played with the Chevalier and the Prorege of Arcopia. He has passed through the storm and stress of the realistic period, and has emerged from it (let us hope) a literary idealist as heretofore; but meanwhile his art has gained in purpose. These two facts hold the promise of his future.

Edith Baker Brown.

MISS MONTRÉSOR AGAIN.*

Little more than a year ago Miss Montrésor published her first novel, which was more elaborate, ambitious, and varied than anything she has subsequently written. But she still holds her own and shows a distinct advance in artistic development, and we believe has still her best work to write. For while her first book gave promise of a quite unusual understanding of varied human types, which has borne fruit, the construction was crude and the material roughly handled. *Into the Highways and Hedges* achieved a great popular success, nevertheless, by the sheer force of its strong humanity and genuine religious sentiment, maugre the rather interesting fact that the story largely attracted non-religious persons. It is a spiritual rather than an intellectual quality which shines through all her work and invests it with its fine ethical and imaginative force and peculiar charm. She accomplishes, what always taxes the imagination, the difficult feat of making real and attractive characters that in life seem ordinary and disesteemed. Miss Montrésor's materials may vary, but her manner is always the same. You cannot analyse it; it does not rest entirely with her mental and imaginative gifts; it is not the result of a combined intellectual endowment; it is the personal equation which gives distinction to her style and determines her treatment of life. Clearly is it seen that Miss Montrésor holds with Browning in her view of life, and holds it readily proved, too, that

"Life, with all it yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear, ...
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love."

Not only so, but she presses this further in electing to make heroes and heroines out of such despised human stuff as workhouse waifs, an illiterate Methodist ranter, a drudging clerk, a trafficking Jew, an unscrupulous prestidigitator and mesmerist; and she has the insight to seize upon and the courage to assert their humanness and lovableness, and to confront the world's judgment with her belief in their innate truth and goodness, however meagre the amount.

* False Coin or True. By F. F. Montrésor. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.
Worth While. By F. F. Montrésor. New York: Edward Arnold. 75 cts.

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"Heaven's benefits," she says, "seldom take the form of 'beer and skittles'; and a love that is strong enough to renounce its object for 'love's sake' is beyond our little system of rewards or pity. . . . Ah, well! love has been called blind these many years. He can well afford to be so maligned for the sake of the fruit that ripens under the glance of his 'blind' eyes. He has been dubbed mad too—in the goodly company of the prophets.

"When he shall see like the rest of us (but I think that he never will), one fears that miracles will cease, and that Heaven will have left off helping the poor old world."

Her doctrine—for it is evident that she has started out with a philosophy of life, which, however, has been dearly wrung from contact with men and women in the struggle for life and for the life of others, and not wrested simply from the schools—her doctrine, so far as her characters are protagonists of it, finds expression in some lines of Browning which she quotes in *Worth While*:

"If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you;
Make the low nature better by your throes!
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above."

False Coin or True has for its principal *dramatis personæ* Linda (she did not possess a surname), born in a workhouse, sent out as "general" maid-of all-work, and eventually the medium of a celebrated mesmerist; Monsieur Morèze, conjuror and mesmerist, versed in the world's tricks of showy success, but unscrupulous heathen though he be, more humane in the end than the snivelling, pharisaic Mrs. Swainson, who can charge the foreigner half-a-crown extra, because she has a conscience and he does not keep the Sabbath, but who can pack the poor, trembling little servant out of her house on the faintest suspicion of ill conduct. Then there is the Jew huckster, Aaron Schonenwetter, so dyed in the stuff he deals in that he is incapable of one pure and disinterested thought; Hélène, Monsieur Morèze's late mistress and medium supplanted by Linda, whose haunting presence dogging the conjuror throughout the story makes her an embodiment of Congreve's line, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned;" and the gentle, womanly Nanette; the dour, dogged young Scotchman, whose love for Linda transforms her nature, and in time passes its potent influence on to the vindictive, ambitious, self-seeking mesmerist, and in both cases determines whether they be "false coin or true." Miss Montrésor's versatility has been severely put to the test in this story, with its opposite and varying types of character, but she has succeeded in making her characters stand out distinctly as creations, so that long after we lay down the book their reality dwells with us and moves us as if we had actually passed through the scenes and mingled with the actors. The red-headed Scotchman, stubborn and invincible, truculent and combative, yet revealing depths of tenderness and solicitude that are beautiful to behold when love thaws the hard crust of his exterior, is drawn to the life; Hélène is rather melodramatic but possible, and all the others severally fill a part in the story which rounds out its completeness.

But our sympathies are with Monsieur Morèze from first to last, and in this we see the greatness of the author's penetration and insight and handling of character. For Monsieur Morèze is the last man whom we would admire or even understand if we met him in actual life, but Miss Montrésor's art takes this objectionable, calculating, sinister individual and compels the reader to tolerate him, pity him, admire him; yes, and at last love him in spite of his low views of life, his self-centred conduct, and almost despicable nature. He is one of the strongest and most striking characters Miss Montrésor has yet imagined, and in him she has won a veritable triumph. The story itself, which follows the incidents in the career of Linda after she is adopted by the mesmerist and employed as his medium, is charmingly told, and is full of exciting interest. But again Miss Montrésor has given us not so much a novel of incident, but what is rarer, because it takes a higher order of imagination, a novel of character.

The little volume which Mr. Edward Arnold publishes contains two short stories; the first, "Worth While," gives the title to the book. Both stories are slight and sketchy, but one at least contains a figure of pathetic and moving interest, drawn with great delicacy and sureness of touch. Samuel Green's life was not a failure, after all, though he was raised in a workhouse and chained to the drudgery of a desk, for he had one gift from the gods, a fond imagination, which hugged the illusion of a dear and distant mother, to whom he wrote long, detailed letters every week. Moreover, the angel of love visited him and

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troubled the quiet waters of his meek soul for the rest of his brief days, but who shall say that it was not "worth while"? "Lady Jane," the second story, reminds us of the manner of *The One Who Looked On*, and as in that exquisite book the narrator in relating his experience with Lady Jane reveals the intricacies of his nature by the process of concealment which he simulates and to which Lady Jane acts as a touchstone.

We believe that Miss Montrésor has written her stories with the earnest purpose of impressing her readers that only in the Gospel sense of losing life do we truly find it, yet along with this has gone an unmistakable creative power, which has given artistic form to stories of character at once vigorous and vivid as life itself. About Miss Montrésor's work there goes the indescribable hum which accompanies the everlasting song of genius. There is a note of real greatness in it. And as she has not sought to consult the popular taste—on the surface at least—but has written deep out of her heart, along an unbeaten track through the medium of a fresh literary expression that is without a trace of self-consciousness, we see the possibility of her reaching the true heart of the people, and of her taking a permanent place in the affections of countless readers yet to come.

James MacArthur.

SOME BELGIAN STORIES.*

Whether or not *The Massacre of the Innocents and Other Tales* is a selection adequately representative of the contemporary Belgian Renaissance, as the translator, Edith Wingate Rinder, claims, it is a suggestive little volume. Nearly all the dozen stories are distinctly studies in realism, with much the same effect on the reader as that produced by the masterpieces of Low Country painting. Indeed, one half suspects the authors of trying to take life from the point of view of their old artists. There is the same precision, the same study of detail in picturing the flat Belgic land; and the splashes of colour, especially in Maeterlinck and Eekhoud, make an almost visible appeal to the eye. It is crude colour, laid on broadly—blue breeches and red cloaks, yellow houses, and pink skirts. However hurried the action, the colour impression is noted. They are gloomy tales; half of them end in murder, and the others describe life's pathetic side. One misses proportion in the absolute lack of humorous perception in these writers, most of them young. A somewhat fatalistic spirit sweeps the characters on inevitably, and a conscious moral motive on the author's part never even suggests itself. The effect produced by each carefully wrought tale is most visibly its *raison d'être*.

Perhaps the greatest charm of the stories is the skilful simplicity in subject and treatment. Complicated social problems and indirect dissertations on science and art are ignored for primitive emotion. Thus the characters are all the common people of the land—bakers and fishermen, servant-girls and poachers. Only four are love stories. Most of the others are descriptions of emotion as by a spectator, or else show passionate men in their relations with each other. The title story, "The Massacre of the Innocents," written long ago by Maeterlinck, is worth reviving for all lovers of brilliant nightmare. This Bible history in a Belgian village setting is fantastically powerful in its firm narration of horrors. Less successful in the same line is "The Denial of Saint Peter," by Eugene Demolder.

Another familiar name among the authors represented is Lemonnier, who contributes "Fleur de Blé," a dainty bit of pathetic realism, and "Saint Nicholas Eve," a charming story of domestic felicity on a fishing boat, the one not gloomy tale in the collection. "Trompe-la-Mort," by Auguste Jenart, and "The Shadowy Bourne," by Stéphane Richelle, are imaginative exercises full of mystery and murder for those who like the incomprehensible.

More vivid, virile tales are "Pierre-de-la-Baraque," by Louis Delattre, and "Jacclard," by George Ganir. In the former, an indomitably upright father condemns his only son to suicide as just expiation for theft. The latter is a vigorous bit of revenge perpetrated by a poacher, who regards life as a game of skill between himself and the keepers,

* The Massacre of the Innocents and Other Tales by Belgian Writers. Translated by Edith Wingate Rinder. New York: Stone & Kimball. $1.25.

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but the interference of a sportsman as not fair play.

As strong work as any are three stories by Eekhoud, the "Zola of Flanders," as the translator says he is called. Zola would hardly do anything so sympathetically delicate as "Ex-Voto." The other two are dramatic romances enlivened by a suggestion of sorcery. The book concludes with "The Mountebanks," by Hubert Krains, a careful sketch of the vicissitudes of wandering jugglers.

J. G. Cooke.

THE SABINE EDITION OF EUGENE FIELD.*

The first rude shock of public grief caused by the death of Eugene Field a few months ago has passed, and there has arisen out of the ashes of mourning a sweet remembrance of him as he was when he was still with us; a memory, indeed, that reincarnates for us the true spirit of the man, bereft of earthliness and mortality, and which is preserved as in a precious phial "to a life beyond life" in these beautiful volumes which serve as a fitting memorial of the dead poet. Death could not rob us of that; what it did was to rend the fleshly veil and flash the soul of this man upon us in all its childlike purity and playfulness. For it is because of this childlike quality in Field that all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children alike will continually rise up and call him well-beloved. It requires no deep insight to fathom this prevailing and all pervading characteristic in his writings, and again and again in the introductions to the volumes in this new edition of his collected works we come across the iteration of this observed trait. "Of all American poets," writes Hopkinson Smith, "Field, it seems to me, best understood the heart of a child;" and how exquisite is the touch with which he concludes: "If Field had nothing else to bring, he could say truthfully as he faced the Master, 'I followed in your footsteps. I loved the children, and the children loved me.'"

The singular charm of Field's work had its roots in the great simplicity and sincerity of his nature, for he put himself heartily and wholly into whatever he wrote. The man and the poet were of one piece, woven of one warp and woof, without seam to show where each parted company. "I have never read a poem by Mr. Field," says Edward Everett Hale, "without feeling personally drawn to the author." Little more than a year ago we had our first and only communication with him; it was a bit of writing on a postal-card anent a piece of reviewing which he expressed willingness to undertake, but he could not even let a trifle like that pass from him without imparting to it the sweet, winning effluence of his personality. And this simplicity and sincerity, though so womanly in their gentleness and tenderness, were not emasculated by effeminacy or weakness of character. There are elements of strength and virility and buoyancy in his writings which show how noble and enduring and full of good cheer Field was in spite of suffering and the knowledge of larger life that brings sorrow as well as joy. But we are not left to guess at this in his books; we know that he was wholesome and cheerful in his domestic life; brimful of kindness and the best of friends and companions; a man whom to come in contact with but for a few moments gave an uplift to life, and shot the darkest hour with a streak of sunlight. He was never a brooder, though he had troubles and anxieties enough to conduce to morbidness of disposition; his deep sense of humour saved him from that. Fun and pathos seemed to intermingle in him and to fight for predominance.

How else could the work of such a one be regarded but with affection and delight in its humanity! It is well-nigh impossible to approach in a spirit of criticism the work of one who has taken captive the heart, and with Field one feels that "there's poverty in the love that can be reckoned." Genius blossomed in him with its roots deep down in his heart's blood, and its flowers will bloom in undying beauty while there are children to gather them and love them. The best form which gratitude could take in commemoration of his presence among us for a while has been perfected in the collective edition of his complete works. The memoir by his brother Roswell, and the tributes which

* The Writings in Prose and Verse of Eugene Field. Sabine Edition, from new plates, by De Vinne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 10 vols. Cloth, $15.00; vellum, $20.00; half morocco, $30.00. Sold only by subscription.

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serve as introductions to several of the volumes from Edward Everett Hale, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Francis Wilson, J. Whitcomb Riley, and others greatly enhance the interest of this edition; each volume also contains a frontispiece in photogravure on Japan paper from drawings by well-known artists, besides two portraits of Mr. Field. The bookmaking is all that could be desired, and worthily enshrines the work of one of the most entrancing and delightful of American writers.

M.

MR. CANTON'S NEW BOOK FOR CHILDREN.*

There are some books and there are some people that approach you with such winning simplicity and charm that you love them without at first thinking much about admiring them. It is only when you have had time to understand them that you begin to see that they have qualities which call forth other feelings than those of affection. Of such books, Mr. William Canton's *W. V., Her Book, and Various Verses* is an eminent example. It is so sweet, so clear, so effortless, so unpretentious, that it is only on a second reading you begin to understand that you are handling a work of genius. The most brilliant among our younger critics wrote me lately that he was making a book out of his articles, and that among all the volumes he had reviewed, two stood out pre-eminently as striking a note of their own. One of these was Mr. Canton's previous work, *The Invisible Playmate*. I think his new book will set its seal even more strongly and deeply on the minds of all lovers of children, and all lovers of poetry. It is, to my mind, the most likely to survive of any new book I have read this year; and in the literature of children it will take a high and permanent place. The get-up of the book is worthy of its contents, and I do not know how to pay a higher tribute.

In a little volume by Max Müller, which had a strange fate, and was tossed about from publisher to publisher, until now, I fear, it is forgotten, there were some sentences which came to my mind in laying down W. V.'s book. The work I refer to was called *German Love*, and it opened thus:

"Childhood has its mysteries and its wonders; but who can describe them? who can interpret them? We have all wandered through that silent, enchanted forest; we have all at one time opened our eyes in a perplexity of happiness, and the fair reality of life overflowed our souls Then we knew not where we were, or who we were—the whole world then was ours, and we belonged to the whole world. That was an eternal life, without beginning and without end, without break and without pain. Our hearts were bright as the sky in spring, fresh as the scent of the violet, calm and holy as a Sunday morning. And what disturbs this peace of God in the child? How can this unconscious and innocent life ever have an end? What drives us forth from this place of union and communion, and leaves us suddenly alone and desolate in this darkening life? Say in that solemn brow that it is sin. Can a child sin? Say, rather, that we do not know, and must resign ourselves. Is it sin that changes the bud into flower, the flower into fruit, and the fruit into dust? Is it sin that changes the caterpillar into a chrysalis, the chrysalis into a butterfly, and the butterfly into dust? And is it sin that makes the child a man, and the man hoary-headed, and the hoary head dust? And what is dust? Say, rather, we do not know, and must resign ourselves."

The spell of Mr. Canton's book is that in his case the child's heart has remained, and with it that power of understanding sympathy without which the life of a child is a spring shut up. If there is any book of which this reminds me—and it is too truthful not to be perfectly original—it is Victor Hugo's *L'Art d'être Grand-père*. But Hugo was too riotous, too violent, too didactic, to achieve a final triumph in this field. I am not forgetting his collection called *Les Enfants*, but the verses about little Jeanne in the later work are in their way still better. Take, for example, these lines:

"Jeanne au fond du sommeil médite et se compose
Je ne sais quoi de plus céleste que le ciel.
De lys en lys, de rêve en rêve, en fait son miel,
Et l'âme de l'enfant travaille, humble et vermeille,
Dans les songes ainsi que dans les fleurs l'abeille."

No competent judge will doubt that many of Mr. Canton's lines are quite worthy to be placed with these.

The book of W. V. consists of prose and verse, but the distinction is unreal. For the prose is poetry, and some may think even more poetical than the poetry. Of the prose sketches there are three—"Her Birthday," "Her Friend Littlejohn," and "Her Bedtime." The poetry deals with little sayings and incidents in child's life, and treats them with

* W. V., Her Book, and Various Verses. New York: Stone & Kimball. $1.00.

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the rarest grace. I do not feel inclined to make extracts ; the book should be read in its entirety ; but from the miscellaneous poems which conclude the volume, one may be taken, which expresses, like the rest, the yearning and the trust of childhood. The yearning is more intense, and the trust is graver, yet still the end circles round the beginning.

In solitary rooms, when dusk is falling,
I hear from fields beyond the haunted mountains,
Beyond the impenetrable forests—
I hear the voices of my comrades calling,
Home ! home ! home !

Strange, ghostly voices, when the dusk is falling,
Come from the ancient years ; and I remember
The schoolboy shout, from plain and wood and river,
The signal-cry of scattered comrades, calling,
Home ! home ! home !

And home we wended when the dusk was falling ;
The pledged companions, talking, laughing, singing ;
Home through the gray French country, no one missing,
And now I hear the old-time voices calling,
Home ! home ! home !

I pause and listen while the dusk is falling ;
My heart leaps back through all the long estrangement
Of changing faith, lost hopes, paths disenchanted ;
And tears drop as I hear the voices calling,
Home ! home ! home !

I hear you while the dolorous dusk is falling ;
I sigh your names—the living—the departed !
Oh, vanished comrades, is it *yours* the poignant,
Pathetic note among the voices calling,
Home, home, home ?

Call, and still call me, for the dusk is falling.
Call, for I fain, I fain would come, but cannot.
Call, as the shepherd calls upon the moorland.
Though mute, with beating heart I hear your calling,
Home ! home ! home !

No book for children published in recent years has been so winsome, so memorable, so distinguished as this.

Claudius Clear.

NOVEL NOTES.

MISTRESS DOROTHY MARVIN. By J. C. Swaith. New York : D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

The man—if it be a man—who started the raging revival of what he took to be the seventeenth century manner in fiction is not a benefactor of the race. His following is already large, and the piebald results of the cult are many, so that the work of the reviewer is a weariness that it never was before. To form, much less to convey, anything like a distinct impression of these things of shreds and patches would be to make something out of nothing. The sole idea of these revivalists—so far as an idea may be found in their work—seems to be the reproduction of this manner ; and in no case has the imitation attained an endurable degree of excellence or even consistency. Only the blemishes of the old masters of English fiction reappear in a sort of faded caricature. There is no apparent appreciation of their beauties. Indeed, most of the disciples of the school of revivalists seem to get from the study of the models mainly the exclamation "Sirrah !" and a fluency in the use of certain gross terms and phrases that strike modern refinement like a slap in the face.

Among the latest novels of this kind is *Mistress Dorothy Marvin*. It is also one of the worst in that it chops and changes from twentieth century commonness to seventeenth century coarseness with rather more than the usual abruptness and a slight increase of the usual dislocation. The story is told in the first person by Black Ned, a highwayman whom Mistress Dorothy's love reclaims in an entirely inconsequent way. A mere paragraph or two leading up to this meeting will serve to show, perhaps, whether the work deserves the foregoing criticism. It is not necessary to eat a whole heavy loaf to know that the cake is sad. "The Knight," says Black Ned in a manner that is distinctively twentieth century, if nothing else, "conducted me indoors to a bright and spacious room at the end of the entrance-hall. It appeared par-

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ticularly cheery and attractive by contrast with the gloomy weather, as the table was spread for breakfast and a fire was glowing in the grate. Sir Nicholas, having recovered his equanimity, offered me a seat beside the hearth while he assumed one opposite." At this point the author bethinks himself of the revival and recurs to it with a jerk. "Thou art a graceless varlet!" cries the knight to the cook, who is hurriedly fetched in to furnish the occasion. "Dost see this dish, sirrah? Art not sore ashamed? Dost mark this upper crust? Thou hast had an hour o' the wooden horse in thy campaigning days with a shot bag around each ankle for a smaller offence. I would that I had one in the courtyard now!" The entrance of the titular heroine turns the tide of the revival from the servant to her beautiful, elegant self, and she is greeted by the knight, her father, in the seventeenth century manner as a she-devil, a wench, and a huzzy!

It would be rather interesting—so far as anything connected with this revival may be called interesting—to know whether the revivalists know what they are aiming at. The only point settled up to this writing is that they haven't hit anything.

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE. New York *Herald's* $1000 prize story. By Edith Carpenter. New York: Scribners. $1.25.

There is always, in the mind of this reviewer, a very definite protest against the prize story. It is, in the first place, frankly an advertising scheme, and there is little doubt that it is a successful one; but from the very nature of the case and the conditions which hedge about the competition it substitutes for the note of spontaneity — always distressingly rare — a willingness to content the people, which is the death-warrant of art. It was, therefore, with a metaphorical assumption of the judicial black cap that we sat down to the perusal of *Your Money or Your Life*, which has lately received the $1000 prize from the *Herald;* and it was to our immense surprise, though with no withdrawal of the protest above referred to, that we found ourselves experiencing a very genuine enjoyment. The plot, of course, is, we will say *popular* with Aurora Leigh's intonation; there is a handsome Easterner, who has tired of commercial life and gone West in search of adventures; a psychologically impossible Fra Diavolo-like highwayman or train robber; a Western belle, prone to flirtation and given to slang; an essentially unlikely sort of college girl, beloved by the wealthy Easterner; a confusion of identity; a criminal trial; and a final double wedding in the court room, guarded by the levelled revolvers of some score or so of masked outlaws. But granting all this, we have left a gift of story-telling in the writer, and a faith in her own improbabilities that carry one along with her almost as if she were Anthony Hope. She isn't! the difference is more marked than the likeness; but that one quality they have in common. Moreover, she has some constructive faculty; the Western adventures are not simply to content the people, but have a vital relation to the moral of the tale. For in its way it has a moral; in its degree it is actually a "tendency book;" a very real and earnest protest against the sacrifice of the things worth living for to mere money-making. And at the end, having decided that "Your money or your life" is the last word of commercialism, as of train-robbing, Tom and Janet abandon millionairism for the modest income of $3000 a year and go abroad to be happy forever after with art, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. Perhaps there may be still a higher ideal even than this; perhaps the gallant highwayman is not a particularly edifying study for youth; but at least he changes his trade and departs to the assistance of the Cuban patriots as the story closes. Wherein we wish him and them all success, and to the author a better type of hero.

WHITE APRONS. By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

The stirring scenes of Bacon's Rebellion still linger in the traditions as well as in the chronicles of Old Virginia, and have furnished others than Mrs. Goodwin with material for romance. As a child, how well do we remember the pages of *Hansford: a Tale of Bacon's Rebellion*, with its dominant chord recurring again and yet again:

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more!"

Mrs. Goodwin has in like manner found the keynote to her tale in the refrain of an old song, "Love will find

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out a way." It takes its name from the rather unchivalrous stratagem of that strange genius, Nathaniel Bacon, by which he sought to gain time for the completion of his fortifications by threatening to place before them the wives of some of the chief Royalists in Virginia, thus sheltering himself behind "white aprons." The tale is a dainty mosaic of the costumes and customs of 1676, just a century before a certain other rebellion became a revolution, and is raised to the sweetness of a historic idyll by the very pretty love story of Mistress Penelope Payne and a scion of the Fairfax family otherwise unknown to fame. But neither the love story nor the historical setting is kept distinctly in its relative position; in fact, we are almost left to conjecture which is the tale and which the background, for the love-making is far too hurriedly patched up; and yet the author seems to miss the full force of the historical tragedy. We do not feel that we have hold "by the heart," to use the expressive phrase of Ruskin, of either Bacon or Berkeley, though the features of each are limned from the accounts of the best authorities as carefully and painstakingly as those of a Chinese landscape. Neither is the plot particularly original; Romeo and Juliet are always of opposite political parties; and when the hero is upon the losing side it is predetermined that he should be condemned to death. In *Hansford*, above quoted, the tragedy concludes as remorselessly as a Greek drama; but when Penelope goes to London to seek her lover's pardon, we know the rest of the story as well as though we had been born with the knowledge, even to the arrival of the heroine at the very last possible moment—in fact, it is three minutes after the hour—with all the concomitants of the exhausted steed and the waving pardon. But would Berkeley have granted to one who had been accused of an attempt on his life, nay, to any participant in the rebellion, a respite of a hundred and ten days for the express purpose of seeking the king's pardon? We fancy not. Nevertheless, the tale is prettily told; and the London adventures of Mistress Penelope, her meetings with Dryden, Buckingham, Kneller, and the Merry Monarch himself, and all that then befell, are the best part of a story which, though with very obvious faults, does not fail to be interesting. As for the manner of the telling, the old-time diction, and all the various accessories of dress, furniture, and the like, they are well and correctly managed and not overdone; and the uncle of Penelope, for our greater consolation and encouragement, turns out to be Samuel Pepys, the great and the little, whose walk and conversation supply us, as always, with unfailing amusement.

ADAM JOHNSTONE'S SON. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Mr. Crawford has written more interesting stories than this one, but he has never written with a surer touch. There is something of the accuracy, without the hardness, of a scientific treatise, in his report of the hero. He has "found out" this young Englishman, probed his weaknesses, marked out his boundaries, and with all his faults and limitations, he likes him. Perhaps some novelists would not have thought it worth while, for there are no great heights nor depths in Brook Johnstone. But if he was to be given a prominent part to play in a story, as his fellows are given prominent parts in life, this is how he is best treated. The cool, calculating, charming, amiable, stubborn, bold, and inarticulate young man is a real living character. When he defends himself to Clare for his conduct to another woman, and omits the best defences which he doesn't think it would be good for her to hear, we feel that he is just exact in what he says, "not a man in a book," but as real as ourselves. The story might easily, in other hands, have been unpleasant enough. Adam Johnstone and Mrs. Bowring had both a past—his an erring one—in which they had been man and wife. After their divorce they both married again. The son and daughter of the second marriages had fallen in love with each other just before the father of the one and the mother of the other meet again after a long separation. The situation is managed with great delicacy; and, indeed, was invented for quite other than sensational reasons—perhaps that the novelist might trace the progress of Clare's mind from the time when her point of view was, "There's only one right. I don't know how many wrongs there are—and I don't want to know." Her simple upright mind would never have travelled

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far from this point; but her mother's story and the love-making of Brook, so much more amiable and worldly-learned than she, school her in tolerance and some pity for humanity. The Italian background is of little importance here. London or New York would have served equally well for the scene of this story, of limited but of very real interest, and of which Mr. Crawford has made the most with unusual skill.

THE COURTSHIP OF MORRICE BUCKLER. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

This is in all respects an admirable story. Morrice Buckler meets us as a peaceful student at Leyden University, and we leave him a fading old man who has "long lost the savour of books," but who in his quiet home among the Cumbrian fells still lives on the memory of his two great years. During that time he rushed from the Tyrol to London, from London to Bristol, from Bristol to Cumberland, and back to the Tyrol with a swiftness which would be astonishing nowadays, but which was little short of miraculous in the year 1687. We remember no hero of fiction who tires out so many horses. In the cause of friendship, and, later on, of love, Morrice Buckler dares and accomplishes everything. He has several deaths on his conscience when he at last rides with Countess Ilga for Innsbrück and freedom, but none the less the reader's heart goes with him. The dovetailings of the story are not quite successful. Why is Countess Ilga a somnambulist for one occasion only? The sudden fit of the messenger Swasfield, which prevents him from delivering the all-important news, is a clumsy *tour de force*. But these are trifles, and the book as a whole will give delight to its readers. We have not for many months read so brilliant a romance.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF MR. TYRAWLEY. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

A MASK AND A MARTYR. By E. Livingston Prescott. New York: Edward Arnold. $1.50.

We venture the assertion at the outset that E. before this author's name stands for Emma, Eva, or mayhap Ellen; but never, never for Edward or any of the masculine attributes. Neither "Mr. Tyrawley" nor the "Martyr" would impose for an instant on the male intelligence. Mr. Tyrawley is an interesting, languid person with an ironical smile, whom fate in the person of his father and early environment has made a gambler. The story opens with the first step in his apotheosis—his rescue of a young girl from drowning. He begins immediately to develop meek and heavenly virtues. But now a sort of Joseph Surface, in the person of the girl's cousin, appears on the scene and discourages Mr. Tyrawley so cruelly that he gives it all up. He kneels down on the sea beach, and (now to quote)

"in that posture he took a hymn-book bound in white and gold from his pocket, laid it on a ledge of the rock, rested his cheek upon it and waited."

Mr. Tyrawley is, however, rescued from dying in this interesting attitude, as the story goes on to tell. He turns coster in order to make an honest living, works early and late,

"solacing himself by an occasional visit to the free library, where his fellow-costers were much edified by the spectacle of a coster reading Homer and Dante in the original, and yet more by his going to church on Sundays."

It takes a long-lost uncle to bring about the "Nemesis and Excelsior" of the last chapter, in which the wicked Joseph Surface is properly put down and covered with scorn, and Mr. Tyrawley is set up in the agricultural business and transfigured completely by connubial bliss.

The "Martyr" is also a languid, satirical, and misunderstood person. His wife drinks, and in order to save her reputation, he ingeniously decides to pose as the reprobate himself; and in order to mend matters, associates his name with gin-shops and cuts his face with scissors. As a natural consequence he suffers a good deal of snubbing from society at large, and is made to give up his Sunday-school class. The reader who would like to find out how the Martyr, upon his resignation from his regiment, is insulted with the gift of a white feather; how he keeps the feather always at his breast, and, after his wife's death, wears it to battle, steeps it in his life's gore, and sends it back to the mess with "kind remembrances," is recommended to the book.

A KING AND A FEW DUKES. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Mr. Robert Chambers has written several stirring romances that appeal espe-

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cially to those possessing strong nerves and a taste for excitement. For *The Red Republic*, recently reviewed in these columns, he received many favourable words, and it is to be feared that success has turned his head, for he has rushed into print with a book that can only be excused on the plea of temporary insanity. *A King and a Few Dukes* is a nightmare of nonsense. One recovers from it slowly, with impaired brain. There is a young American living on an estate somewhere in the Caspian Mountains. Before long, there are gathered under his roof—beside his negro servant—a drunken king of unknown nationality, two disreputable dukes, an old German countess, a lovely American girl, and a lady's-maid who turns out to be a famous Princess, effectually disguised by a blonde wig. To explain how and why they all came there is a task from which the present reviewer recoils in despair. There is fighting, of course, and kidnapping, and at the end we have a "living picture," as it were, of Bismarck.

Scattered through this confusion there are some really beautiful bits of descriptive writing, which it is a pity to have wasted, for they would have been useful in a real story, if Mr. Chambers had chosen to write one. He has also placed at the beginning a pretty little poem of dedication, which, in its relation to the book, seems very like a wreath of dainty flowers on a clown's head.

OUT OF TOWN. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

Under this title are grouped a number of amusing sketches of suburban life, which furnish much innocent mirth, and will be eminently satisfactory to the majority. There are some fussy people who are always demanding consistency and truth, and a refined humour that does not exaggerate; but the author of *Out of Town* did not write for their benefit. We have glimpses of the little village of "Starling;" and its inhabitants and institutions are presented for our entertainment, with more or less caricature, in the various chapters. We read and laugh at the wildly farcical description of the village theatricals, the account of the "musical evening," and the struggles of the amateur photographers. There is a very good bit of satire in the chapter descriptive of the trip in the naphtha launch, where the young engaged couple find love's young dream rudely interrupted by audible remarks from one of the chaperones, to the effect that 'she keeps red flannel bands on Henry summer and winter"—and other equally interesting intelligence. The illustrations, by Rosina Emmet Sherwood, are an important feature of the book. There are many of these, in many styles, and they are of surprisingly unequal merit. Why this excellent artist should produce such coarse and unsatisfactory line-work as some of these show is a problem. She is much more successful in the wash-drawings, and some of the latter are very pleasing, while she is always clever in presenting the various absurd "types" described by the author.

FOR KING OR COUNTRY. By James Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

It is always hard to say what juvenile readers will like, but this new novel of the American Revolution, bound in the national colours and with flags and swords on the cover, seems likely to appeal to boys. The two principal characters of the story are twin brothers, lads of sixteen; and one enlists for his country, while the other remains loyal to the king. Their home is on Staten Island, but the scenes of most of their adventures are cast in New York and the vicinity, and the incidents of the tale are founded upon historical events which transpired about the city during the early part of the War for Independence. George, who is the stronger of the two brothers, begins his adventurous career as a patriot by coming from Staten Island to New York on a stormy night to warn General Washington of the landing of Lord Howe's army on Long Island. All day the boy lay watching the manœuvres of the British ships, and planning to pass them on his way to New York.

"Signals climbed up and down the halyards. Drums tapped, and on shore trumpets answered one another. It grew darker and darker, and he joyful! The tide was coming in strong, rippling against the pier-head and creeping up the beach. All of the boats had been called back to the fleet, but the dingy was left, and George's hopes rose. All his chances lay in her. The pier was deserted, and he loosened his limbs from their temporary grave, and worked his head and shoulders out and looked around. . . . Now the wind came, and the rain began that wonderful downpour; the lightning played incessantly. Now was the time for moving. The rain fairly stung him as he stood up and applied his shoulder to the dingy's

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bow. He dug his bare toes into the sand, and the muscles knotted in his arms and back. . . . Many a sailor in that great fleet could not have done what this deep chested boy of sixteen had accomplished by sheer strength."

The adventures of the tale are all much in the line of this extract. Love does not enter into the story. The conclusion is the capture of the royalist brother by the patriot, and their happy reunion.

PIRATE GOLD. By F. J. Stimson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

He who would read of wild adventure upon the high seas with deeds of blood and mysteries of buried treasure, let him eschew this book, for the pirate gold lay in a chest, in the safe of a Boston bank; and, symbolically, it shone on the head of Mercedes de Sota, the child of the captured pirate, who handed the bag of gold to young Bowdoin. As for the little maid, she went to Jamie McMurtagh. Yet no tale of adventure could be more absorbing than is this story of the single-hearted devotion of an old-fashioned bank clerk. It is a temptation to outline the story, so replete is even its bare plot with interest and originality; but Mr. Stimson has told it in a way that forbids one who has read from depriving others of the pleasure to be found in following with the author the fortunes of the pirate gold and "those whom it may concern."

Although the story is a study of character rather than a chronicle of adventures, there is stirring incident to quicken the pulse, and one catches charming glimpses of the Boston of 1854 and thereabouts, when Wendell Phillips fired the abolitionists, and it took "the whole State militia" to accomplish the return of one runaway slave to his master. The humour, which abounds, is of the wholesome, full-blooded kind, and one chuckles with glee over the jokes which Mr. Bowdoin plays upon his "auguster spouse," who happens to be a cousin and follower of Wendell Phillips. The warm-hearted, irascible, fun-loving Bowdoin is not an abolitionist, whereto his own words do bear witness:

"'As for that crack-brained, demagogue cousin of yours, he calls the constitution a compact with hell. I hope I'll live to see him hanged some day.'"

And one of the old gentleman's jokes on Mrs. Bowdoin was to declare, in excuse for lingering on the Common past breakfast time:

"'There's your cousin, Wendell Phillips, out on the Common, hanging stark on the limb of an elm tree.'

"'James!'

"'Always said it would come to this. Perhaps you'd go out in carpet slippers if you saw your wife's cousin hanged before your eyes.'"

When the old lady rushes out to investigate, the grandson says:

"'I think, sir, it's about time to get down-town.'"

So down-town the two sinners go, where Mr. Bowdoin orders a new carriage for his wife to ensure for himself a cordial welcome at even-time.

Yet it is that love of poor Jamie McMurtagh which is the soul of the book. And his is not the love which is so carefully delineated in the novels of sentiment, but rather that love which finds its eternal expression in a certain passage in the first letter to the Corinthians.

ALICE DE BEAUREPAIRE. By Victorien Sardou. Boston: Charles E. Brown & Co. $1.00.

This translation from the French, by J. G. Burnham, adds another to the innumerable romances called forth by the Napoleonic revival. It is unlike most of the others in choosing a later period of Napoleon's career, and in leaving Josephine out of the story. The romantic interest centres in Alice de Beaurepaire, who is the daughter of one of the Emperor's officers, the *fiancée* of another, and the niece of Madame Sans-Gêne. The latter is introduced by Napoleon's mention of her:

"She's a noble-hearted woman of the people, whom I knew long ago in my young days, and who did her duty bravely on many battlefields. She murders the French language to be sure, and her picturesque expressions savour more of the faubourg and the barracks than of Saint-Germain and the Académie. She does not sit in the latest style in a salon, and her legs get tangled up in her court train—I know that, as everybody does. But no matter! I esteem the good maréchale highly, and I propose that everybody else at my court, as elsewhere, shall show her the greatest consideration and respect. . . . I have promised good Sans-Gêne, too, to forget that she ever was a laundress."

The sincerity of these professions of regard is tested before long. The beauty of Alice attracts Napoleon, and his admiration becomes so open as to alarm Madame Sans-Gêne. Her brave appeal to him is well described. The

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Emperor is touched for the moment, but does not at once relinquish his pursuit of Alice. His attentions to her place the girl in a false position, and alienate the young officer to whom she is betrothed. The complications arising from this source furnish the sentimental interest of the story, and are brought to a satisfactory explanation at last through the untiring efforts of Madame Sans-Gêne.

A MOUNTAIN WOMAN. By Elia W. Peattie. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.

If any one were to name the best quality of the Western school of fiction, it would be a very fine sincerity untouched by cynicism. Faithfulness to reality, and yet a belief in the real human nature that it finds. This is the best democracy.

Mrs. Peattie has done some work very characteristic of her school, and yet individual. One is impressed at the very outset with the honesty and vitality of her observations. They give such stories as "Jim Lancy's Waterloo" and "A Michigan Man" their hold on the imagination and the memory. The tragedy of the life that spends all its force in the brute struggle with the soil is as forcibly put in the first of these as in anything by Hamlin Garland. Mrs. Peattie is perhaps a more indigenous Westerner than Mrs. Graham. At least one might set a certain masculine robustness of tone in her work over against the peculiarly refined touch of *Stories of the Foot-hills*. But the tales which make this volume have not only straightforwardness and vigour to commend them, they include stories which only a woman could write. "Up the Gulch" is one of these. It is hard to say which is the more winning personality in this sketch: Little Roeder, who has made his big "pile" up the Gulch, and who has come down to try to enjoy it at the mountain pleasure resort, a wistful figure in his loneliness and his self-conscious elegance of attire, or the sympathetic young Eastern mother, who befriends and so unintentionally misleads him.

"'Don't you go! Sit still! I'm not blamin' you fur anythin'; but I may never, 's long 's I live, find any one who will understand things the way you understand 'em. Here! I tell you about that gulch an' you see that gulch. You know how th' rain sounded thar, an' how th' shack looked, an' th' life I led, an' all th' thoughts I had, an' th' long nights, an' th' times when—but never mind. I know you know it all. I saw it in yer eyes.'"

There is the something in this sketch which seizes the heart. And the real quality of the volume, of which this is part evidence, makes us look with hope to Mrs. Peattie's literary future.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCHOOL MANAGEMENT. By Arnold Tompkins, author of The Philosophy of Teaching. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Having in a previous work considered the process of teaching, Mr. Tompkins in the present volume considers the school as an organised means in making that process effective. His first object is to formulate a universal law applicable to all schools from the kindergarten up to the university; his second, to illustrate the application of the law to the ordinary demands of management. Without stopping here to explain the terms of the definition, it may be said that the fundamental law is to secure the "spiritual unity of pupil and teacher." Every act, whether on the part of teacher, pupil, parent, or school officer, is to be tested by this law. A right act in school is one which tends to secure that unity; a wrong act, one which tends to destroy it. The application of the law to discipline, for example, does away with the idea of retribution in punishment. When a pupil commits a wrong act he destroys the spiritual unity between himself and the teacher. The wrong is a spiritual one, originating in the will of the pupil. But most cases of disorder arise from want of a clear perception on the part of the pupil of his relations to the school. The teacher, therefore, must rely on bringing the pupil to a realising sense of this relation to remedy disorder. He must act on the pupil's understanding and will to induce him to restore the spiritual unity which has been destroyed.

"What I wish especially to emphasise," says Mr. Tompkins, "is that the teacher must not by personal conflict of any kind interrupt the flow of

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good feeling between himself and pupils. While warmly personal, the teacher must be impersonal. There must be no personal conflict. . . . I know of no circumstances under which a pupil should be berated in the presence of the class."

The wisdom of the conclusion that no pupil should under any circumstances be publicly censured may perhaps be open to doubt. But the law of spiritual unity between teacher and pupil is in substance generally accepted by educators; and Mr. Tompkins's book, illustrating as it does the application of the law to the thousand and one questions that arise in the management of schools, cannot fail to prove an extremely suggestive and helpful guide to teachers, parents, and others who have to deal with the practical side of education.

EDEN LOST AND WON. By Sir J. W. Dawson. New York: F. H. Revell Co. $1.25.

The liberalism of yesterday is always becoming the conservatism of to-day. At the present time we have almost if not quite reached the point where the doctrines of evolution in science and of the higher criticism in literature are so generally accepted that adherence to them has become the true conservatism of the age. Judged according to this neo-conservatism of the modern world, Dr. Dawson's book contains the rankest of heresy, and that, too, in a somewhat exasperating form. It is heresy in scientific garb. He scarcely does evolution the honour of combat by formal argument, but assumes toward it an agnostic tone, and passes it by for the consideration of what he calls "scientific facts." He does not pretend to say just how man came to be here on earth, but assumes that we must take him where our real knowledge of him as actually man begins, and try to read his history from his earliest relics. Read in this way, Dr. Dawson finds some remarkably interesting things to tell us about the Book of Genesis, with its story of creation and the fall of man and the deluge, all quite out of harmony with current evolutionary theories.

The higher criticism fares no better at his hands. Archæology is for him a more satisfactory guide, and he dares to maintain that Moses is practically the writer of the Book of Genesis; that he compiled the earlier portions of it from documents brought from Chaldea by Abraham, and from traditions of the lives of the patriarchs, and composed himself the history of Joseph and of Israel in Egypt, with the object of preparing the Israelites by a knowledge of their origin for their exodus.

Dr. Dawson's book favours what are called "traditional views," but not by means of traditional arguments. He writes, moreover, in a clear and interesting style, with strong convictions, and his whole theory is so original and well reasoned, and his reputation as a scientific man so well established, that those who most disagree with him can least afford to leave his book unread.

BY OAK AND THORN. A Record of English Days. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

The author of *Meadow-Grass* went gipsying last summer in England, and the traveller who crosses the seas with that intention, she says, has found out what it is "to gather up the gold of the year and garner it away for winter's spending." Miss Brown is a very good gipsy and a very good walker, so that to travel with her is to catch the bodily exhilaration of her swinging step in the open air, and to feel the warm crowding sensation of sun and colour from heath and sea. She is also a very good pilgrim, whose literary imagination can work on anything from Stonehenge heaths to mutton pasties; and in these pages we have a record of literary pilgrimages which would seem unsubstantial enough to the ordinary tourist, but which have a nameless charm for those "England-loving Americans" who, like Irving, have drawn their chief nourishment from English letters.

The Kingsley Country, the Haunt of the Doones, the Land of Arthur, the Brontë Country, George Eliot's Warwickshire, and Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford, are explored in this volume. The earlier sketches have perhaps too much chronicle and literary allusion for the general reader, however charming they may be as guide-books to the traveller. One or two of the later pilgrimages—notably that to the Brontë Country—are fine bits of sympathetic criticism, in which we find the artist, or we might say the woman, speaking of the woman. In "Latter-Day Cranford" the author is, of course, peculiarly at home.

Those who care for Miss Alice Brown's very distinct quality will find much of it in this pleasant volume.

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SOME MEMORIES OF PARIS. By F. Adolphus. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is a very different book from those in which Mr. Vandam tells his recollections, and it is not likely to have half the success. Some of its best points tell against its popularity. There is no scandal, and there are no uncharitable judgments, though much covert hostility to a great deal in modern Paris. The writer dislikes and fears broad or sharp statements. He loves to philosophise about what he has seen, to refine, to modify; and many of the pictures in his book are blurred and weak merely from over-conscientiousness. Not those of the Siege and the Commune, however. These incidents stirred him, and he has written vividly and unhesitatingly of them. Then, in such a chapter as "Indoor Life," though at every other paragraph, he warns you to beware of generalisations, or of bald conceptions of how Monsieur and Madame spend their time at home, the very cautiousness of his remarks is suggestive, and probably we know a little more of our neighbours by being driven to the conclusion that we really know nothing at all. Mr. Adolphus is not a good popular guide; and the chapter in which he describes his struggles to make the late M. Worth reveal to him the "great principles which govern the action of dress in the constitution of feminine temperaments and the guidance of feminine conduct," and M. Worth's struggles to make out what his interviewer was driving at, is unintentionally one of the most amusing instances ever recorded of self-caricature. It should be said that Mr. Adolphus can make us feel the atmosphere of a scene, and even a scene of gaiety. He does so with remarkable success in his chapter on "The Opera."

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Of how many authors could it be said nowadays, as Thackeray once wrote of Charles Lever in *Frazer's Magazine*, that "amidst all the wild scenes through which he carries his characters, and with all his outbreaks of spirits and fun, he never writes a sentence that is not entirely pure." We are reminded of Thackeray's tribute to his contemporary by the new volumes of Lever's novels which we have received from Messrs. Little, Brown and Company in their fine, subscription edition. (Price, $2.50 per volume.) These additions are *Roland Cashel; The Daltons; or, Three Roads in Life; The Dodd Family Abroad; Maurice Tiernay, the Soldier of Fortune; Sir Jasper Carew, His Life and Experiences; The Martins of Cro' Martin*, and *The Fortunes of Glencore*. The reflection of Lever's wandering and wayward life and of his restless genius is caught with vivid portraiture in his military novels, and throughout their pages is scattered a wealth of tradition relating to the great battles and those who fought them, which adds zest to the raciness of his narrative and a certain fidelity of touch to his descriptions.

The two latest volumes (III. and IV.) of Messrs. Copeland and Day's Oaten Stop Series (75 cents) are as antipathetic as the antipodes. *Undertones*, by Madison Cawein, rings the varying changes of nature's music in a harmonious spell without the disturbing element of human discontent and rebellion, which grates with a harsh, discordant note in so much nature poetry of these days. Mr. Cawein has himself given us a confession of his faith in the lines of his initial poem, "The Dreamer":

"Still with the same child-faith and child-regard
He looks on Nature, hearing, at her heart,
The beautiful beat out the time and place,
Whereby no lesson of this life is hard,
No struggle vain of science or of art,
That dies with failure written on its face."

Soul and Sense, by Hannah Parker Kimball, is, on the other hand, such a tangle of stars and human ills that the soul is heir to, that the reader is kept dangling between heaven and earth, and finds no rest for the sole of his foot. The singer is unable to rise above her moods; aspirations come to her only to remind her of the clinging of earth to one's best aims, instead of lifting her thought up to the "quiet seats above the thunder." But for this reason that her sensitive ear is attuned to the fretting plaint of this little hour of our earthly life, she has been very successful in rendering into rhythmic form the minor tragedies of the commonplace, the crippled soul "which cannot rise from earthly things to view the whole." "The Rune of the Wind" is the measure of her soul's height in its "searchless doom":

"Out of limitless acres of space
Flutters a voice, to die or obtain;
Out of mystery's dwelling-place;—
Is it breathing of rapture or pain?"

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There is no answer to this profound question in any of these verses, in spite of their fine artistic finish, and therein lies their weakness—and their strength.

There are some books that we never weary of seeing reproduced in new editions, and of the number the famous *Tartarins* rank with honour. The Macmillan Company have imported an exquisite edition of Daudet's *Tartarin of Tarascon* and *Tartarin on the Alps*, made by Dent of London. The book-making is excellent, and the cleverly conceived vignette illustrations which adorn almost every page have admirably caught the atmosphere of the text. The picturesque coloured linings give the books a French tone; indeed, but for the English translation one could imagine that they were French importations. (Price, $1.00 each.)

The Messrs. Scribner have started a timely series of volumes suitable for light summer reading, a series, by the way, which shows evidence of careful editing and discrimination. Four volumes have so far been issued of *Stories by English Authors*, which respectively include tales of England, Ireland, London, and France. Present-day favourites predominate of course, but the old writers are not neglected, and each volume has a frontispiece in photogravure of some well-known author. Great care has been taken to give the best stories of the various authors, as will be readily seen by those conversant with their work. The collection has been made in each case by an arrangement with the author or his representative, which gives these volumes an exceptional *bonâ fide* value. (Price, 75 cents per volume.)——In *Reminiscences of Literary London* from 1779 to 1853 there is gathered a wealth of readable and recondite material relating to the publishers, booksellers, authors, and book auctioneers of that period. The modest little volume, charmingly bound and printed, should be in the possession of every one interested in books and authors. It has not only the value of a chronicle of personal recollections, in which many of the literary and artistic lights of the time figure, but has the distinction of being eminently readable, and in the new light thrown upon these pages of faded history the record has a romantic flavour, which enhances its strong interest for the general reader as well as the book-lover. Such books ought at least to be in the hands of every bookseller's clerk. What is wanted of that individual more than ever nowadays is just such an intimate knowledge as this type of book imparts and the enthusiasm for his special vocation which it begets. (New York: Francis P. Harper. $1.00.)——*In Jail with Charles Dickens*, also published by Mr. Harper ($1.25), fastens on the scenes of action in Dickens's novels which lie within the shadow of the jail, and uses this as a hinge to open the door to a panorama of picturesque descriptions of Newgate, the Fleet, Marshalsea, New York Tombs, Philadelphia Bastille, and other prisons, much of the information given having been gathered from personal knowledge—at least so says the author, Alfred Trumble. The book is a very ingenious and interesting one, and those who have caught Dickens's fever for jail-hunting will be able to pursue it safely and in an innocent fashion in these pages.——We have received from Messrs. Vogt Brothers, Morristown, N. J., a copy of *Authors and Writers Associated with Morristown*, by Julia Keese Colles, of which a second edition has just been issued. Chronicles of this kind are apt to be local and provincial in their interest and lacking in literary merit. But Mrs. Colles's book is a grand exception to this rule, as is evidenced by the rapid sale of the first edition. In the first place, Morristown has been and still is a centre of intellectual and artistic activity, and a veritable hive for literary workers, and it is rich in associations, literary, historic, and artistic. The story—for a story the author has to tell and tells it passing well—is replete with distinguished names, some of which have become household words throughout the land. The illustrations are picturesque and valuable in their interest, and the book is substantially bound and beautifully printed in clear, bold type. Mrs. Colles has so handled with skill and breadth of view her subject as to make it of wide and general interest. The book is sold by subscription for $3.00.

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SOME RECENT EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Silver, Burdette and Company send us this month an interesting packet of books, among them some of especial interest to teachers of literature. *Topical Notes on American Authors*, by Lucy Tappan, of the Gloucester (Mass.) High School, is an excellent manual for use with literature classes. It takes up the great American authors in chronological order, gives with each some characteristic extracts, followed by a list of bibliographical references, an analytical synopsis of his life and works arranged topically, a list of these, five or six terse characterisations by his fellow-penmen, and ending with a number of very interesting "miscellaneous notes" relating to such subjects as the sale of his works, memorials, references to anecdotes, suggestions for selected readings, etc. A condensed syllabus on English versification, illustrated by examples, concludes the book. A volume like this will appeal very strongly to teachers, giving them in a nutshell the hints, facts, and suggestions that can be utilised to make their class-work attractive as well as instructive.

Other books from the same publishing house are editions of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, by Professor Homer B. Sprague (text, notes, and index), and Irving's *Sketch Book*, by Dr. James Chalmers, Platteville Normal School (Wisconsin), with rather meagre notes. A very good book for children's reading in the series called "The World and its People" deals with Africa. More numerous illustrations would, however, greatly enhance its attractiveness and interest. The few that are given are not well executed.

In Messrs. Ginn and Company's series of "Classics for Children" appear *Selections from Epictetus*, abridged by Mr. Ginn from Long's translation, and *The Adventures of Hatim Taï*, translated from the Persian by Duncan Forbes, and revised and edited, with an introduction, by W. R. Alger. This is one of the most diverting books in the series, and is by no means confined in its interest to children. A third volume in the same collection is Southey's *Life of Nelson*, with introduction and notes by Albert F. Blaisdell. Boys, especially, will find this a stirring bit of reading. In the Athenæum Press Series, issued by the same firm, appears a volume of the poems of Keats, with a sympathetic introduction and adequate notes by Arlo Bates, and a portrait as a frontispiece.

The American Book Company sends us a book intended for teachers' reading circles. Its title is *School Recreations and Amusements*, and its chapters take up such topics as morning devotional exercises, the best ways to make the school-room externally attractive, singing games for little pupils, geographical recreations (this is a very suggestive chapter), gymnastic exercises, historical recreations (another good paper), school compositions, school exhibitions, school debates, a list of easy experiments in physics and chemistry, and a chapter on recreations in Latin, this last full of stories, jokes, and puns gleaned from various sources classical, mediæval, and modern. There is a freshness and originality about this book that cannot fail to prove stimulating to the teacher who is in danger of getting into a rut or becoming mildewed. The author is Mr. Charles W. Mann, of the Chicago Academy. ($1.00.) *School Interests and Duties* is a companion volume, also by Mr. Mann, and worthy of almost equal commendation. We say "almost," because its general good sense is marred by one chapter that tends to enhance the absurd reverence which so many Americans manifest for the Dictionary—a reverence amounting to a superstition. ($1.00.)

The New England Publishing Company bring out in a third volume a life of Horace Mann, by Mr. Albert E. Winship, with a portrait of the great educator. It was prepared *à propos* of the Mann anniversary on the fourth of May last. (50 cents.)——In the English Classic Series, published by Maynard, Merrill and Company, appear editions of Irving's *Tales of a Traveller* and George Eliot's *Silas Marner*. We fail to understand why all the volumes in this series have not a uniform size of cover.

Among the mathematical text-books that we have recently received are Robinson's *New Higher Arithmetic* ($1.00), Lyman Hall's *Elements of Algebra* ($1.00),

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John Macnie's *Elements of Plane Geometry* (75 cents), and A. K. Hornbrook's *Concrete Geometry* for beginners, this last one announcing that the pupil's success in using it "depends very largely on the teacher"—a sage remark that is true of all other text-books as well (75 cents). These four volumes bear the imprint of the American Book Company.

Mr. Ralph S. Tarr's *Elementary Physical Geography*, published by the Macmillan Company, is one of the clearest presentations of the subject that we have ever seen, and the judicious exposition of the author is enhanced and made more obvious by the beautiful type in which the book is printed. The suggestions made by the Geographical Section of the Committee of Ten have been borne in mind by the author, though he has abstained (wisely, we think) from accepting every principle recommended in their report. The illustrations, diagrams, and figures are very numerous, and in execution harmonise with the exquisite typography. ($1.40.)

Classical publications are less numerous than usual, but not less meritorious in the main. An announcement lately made by the Macmillan Company is one of the most fascinating things that we have seen in a long time. It sets forth a projected series of handbooks on Archæology and Antiquities, each one to consist of some 200 to 300 pages, fully illustrated, and with a bibliography to date. The partial list of these handbooks already announced shows the names of some of the most distinguished scholars in Europe and America as among the contributors. We note especially the manuals on Greek Religion, by Mr. Louis Dyer; that on the Roman Religion, by Mr. Ward Fowler; on the Private Life of the Greeks, by Professor John Williams White; on Roman Sculpture, by M. Salomon Reinach; on Ancient Painting, by Mr. Cecil Smith, of the British Museum; on the Scientific Knowledge of the Ancients, by Professor Paul Shorey; on Slavery, by Mr. Frank Jevons; on Greek Architecture, by Professor Marquand; and on Roman Architecture, by Professor Kelsey. The whole series when completed will give to the English and American student, in a far more convenient form, a work to be compared with Iwan Müller's *Handbuch* in German—a famous treasure-house of information to every scholar. The first volume of the series has already appeared—Mr. Ernest Gardner's *Greek Sculpture*, which we reserve for further notice hereafter.

Mr. David McKay, of Philadelphia, brings out a revised edition of Murray's *Manual of Mythology*, with several handsome plates and one hundred illustrations. For the general student, this book is by far the best thing of its kind in English, and may be very cordially recommended to all teachers of mythology and of the classics in general. ($1.25.)

A MUNIFICENT GIFT TO THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Mr. John S. Kennedy, of New York, whose generosity has been substantially shown before, has again made New York his debtor by presenting to the Public Library, of which he is a trustee, the entire library of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. The library contains something over five thousand volumes, and bears chiefly upon biography and history. But that part which has given it a wide reputation for years past is the superb collection of 122 extra-illustrated volumes bearing upon the history of the United States. I do not know of any work on Old New York some of whose illustrations do not bear the inscription "copied from the original, now in the possession of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York." And now, through Mr. Kennedy, the great collection, consisting of books, portraits, autographs, maps, broadsides, etc., will remain intact and known as the Emmet Collection, forever accessible to the scholar.

Two years ago the Lenox Library purchased Dr. Emmet's magnificent collection of colonial newspapers, and as it also recently acquired the library of the late George Bancroft, it will be a Mecca for the American historian.

By next autumn the public will be able to examine the following treasures

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(I mention but a few of the more interesting):

Francis, Old New York, extended from one volume to five by the addition of 1169 illustrations, 84 autographs, 796 portraits, etc.

The original manuscript of the above.

Generals of the Revolution, extended from two 12mo vols. to eight folio vols. by 1538 illustrations, 523 portraits, 69 maps, etc.

Original Account rendered by Paul Jones to Mr. Jefferson, the American Minister to France, with two signed autograph letters of Paul Jones and 12 illustrations.

History of the Mason and Dixon Line, 166 illustrations, with original order from Lord Baltimore directing Mason and Dixon to make the survey, 41 autographs of William Penn, etc.

Minutes of a Court of Inquiry upon the Case of Major André, with copies of papers found upon him.

Benjamin Franklin autograph signed letters on Smoking Chimneys.

Irving's Life of Washington, extended to five volumes, containing the original will leaving the estate of Mt. Vernon to his brother, the original contract for the building of Washington's tomb, nine autograph signed letters of Washington, and one of the only two extant autographs of Washington's mother.

The most interesting work to the New Yorker is *The History of New York*, by the late Miss Booth, extended from two octavo volumes to eight folio volumes by the addition of 3830 illustrations, of which 2394 are autographs. In this will be found the original letter from Admiral Digby, in charge of the English navy, to Governor Clinton, setting the date for the departure of the British fleet, and asking permission to leave some boats until convenient to send for them. Also the original letter from Sir Guy Carleton, commanding the British army, naming the date of the army's departure.

The gem of the collection, according to Dr. Emmet, is Lossing's *Field Book of the Revolution*, extended from two 8vo volumes to twelve folio volumes by 3880 illustrations, of which 2443 are autographs, 98 portraits, 346 views, 31 newspapers, 11 maps, etc. Here will be found the first draft of the complete correspondence between General Gates and General Bourgoyne, after Bourgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, and the first rough draft submitted by Gates of the terms of surrender and signed by him. The final terms signed by both generals is at the New York Historical Society. The gathering together of these treasures has taken Dr. Emmet over fifty years, and the quest in search of certain portraits and documents, as related by him in a reminiscent mood, is as exciting as any adventures of the renowned Sherlock Holmes. Often there would be no printed portrait of some Revolutionary leader, and it would be necessary to hunt up old oil-paintings and send photographers to the spot to take copies. Unfortunately the daughters of the family were in the habit of taking off with them the portraits of their ancestors when they married and left their homes. This entailed much genealogical investigation, tracing descents, and changes of residence, often through many countries. One such hunt led the doctor to Holland, only to find that the coveted portrait was in safe keeping in Philadelphia.

But this short account can do no more than whet the appetite of the grangerite. He must hie him to the Public Library and view the treasures for himself.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

So many of the letters that come to us relate to questions of general interest, that we have decided to reserve our answers to them for a special department of this magazine, in which, from time to time, we shall have an amicable chat with our valued correspondents.

I.

In the last number of THE BOOKMAN we had something to say about Professor William Cranston Lawton's English hexameters, as seen in his *Art and Humanity in Homer*. Now Professor Lawton writes to us as follows:

DEAR BOOKMAN: You ask, "How would Professor Lawton scan" the verse:

"Unto the house of my wise father, in which I assure thee" . . .

May I answer? Verses are not meant to be *scanned*, but to be *read*—naturally, and rather swiftly. The rhythm should not run counter to the sense, unless for a special effect, like a Wagnerian discord; but neither must it, with mathematical monotony, coincide with it. Here the very weak "of" makes "my" (relatively) emphatic. Nausicaa's innocent pride in her royal rank and the rich diphthongal "mai" help out the effect.

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The "cæsura," again, is but the natural pause for breath in any long line. Here the very comma "tells you when." After making it, you will be conscious of a lesser rest already taken, after *house*.

There are plenty of worse, bad, indefensible verses among my experiments. My excuse for defending this one is that my kindly critic applies an anatomical test which neither Homer nor Vergil would pass. The special difficulties in English are so great that hexameters will always be a rare and costly exotic at best. Don't chill them. *Lochinvar* is good, rhythmically, I believe. Why cavil that "out" in the first line doesn't need to be "stressed"? *Paradise Lost* is good blank verse; yet "and" is "stressed," if you please, in the first line. The answer is, these things were not meant nor made to illustrate a mechanical rule of prosody. They are poetry.

Cordially yours,
WILLIAM C. LAWTON.

ADELPHI ACADEMY, BROOKLYN, May 26, 1896.

In other words, Professor Lawton defends the Bucolic Cæsura in English because it is perfectly orthodox in Greek and in Latin. Now these things are matters of taste and theory, and Professor Lawton is fully entitled to his own standard of taste and his own private and particular theory. Our notion is that one cannot, in writing hexameters in English, deal with them quite so freely as is done in the ancient languages. And the reason is perfectly obvious. In Greek and Latin the quantity of the syllables is definitely fixed, so that however the cæsura and the metrical accent may be varied, the dactyls and spondees stand out as plainly defined as ever, and the mind still retains the verse-effect. In English, on the other hand, where the quantitative distinctions are almost wholly due to the accentuation, this cannot be rashly tampered with. As soon as one departs from a fairly normal scheme the rhythm, the cadence, and, in fact, the whole metrical effect go by the board, and the lines become mere prose. Consequently, if one insists on writing English hexameters, he will best avoid monotony by varying the succession of his dactyls and spondees, and will, like the Alexandrians, allow himself a larger number of spondaic lines than did the strictly classical writers of Greece and Rome. Even then a certain monotony is unavoidable; but this is partly inherent in the hexameter itself —in Vergil's as well as in Longfellow's —and is partly the penalty that one must pay for writing hexameters in English at all. Professor Lawton truly says that the English hexameter is "a rare and costly exotic," and therefore it must be handled with the greatest delicacy of touch and the greatest metrical discretion, and we think that he is the wisest versifier who choses it only for short and striking bits of composition.

II.

In the February number of THE BOOKMAN we made some comment on the fact that Lord Salisbury, in his Venezuelan correspondence, uses the name of the United States as a plural noun, while Mr. Olney invariably treated it as if it were in the singular number; one saying, "the United States *are*," and the other, "the United States *is*." A somewhat belated criticism of our remarks has come to us from a Southern gentleman, whom we respect both for his scholarship and for the excellent temper in which he writes. He points out that the constitutional lawyers in the early period of our national history invariably used the plural form, and then cites also a like usage by General Washington and others. We think that our correspondent must have slightly misunderstood the drift of our remarks. We did not express the opinion that the use of the noun as a plural is wrong, but only that its use in the singular is right. It all depends on how you look at it. The members of the Convention that framed the Constitution had known the States only as separate colonies, and later as independent political entities, and even after the formation of the Union they still, in speaking of the "United States," thought of them in a particularistic spirit, as was very natural. At the present time, however, nationalism has largely prevailed over particularism in the public consciousness, so that "United States" is used as merely a name to denote a definite and compact political monad without any thought of the original grammatical plurality of the words. Hence, one says, "The United States *is* resolved to enforce the Monroe Doctrine," just as one would say, "Mr. Black's 'Three Feathers' *is* full of humour." We trust that our correspondent sees the point.

III.

Here is a person who smites us with the club of authority, and who flings at us the dictum of a printed book! Some

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time ago we mildly inquired of the new Laureate how he would construe the word "seat" in his line "[he] has been given a seat." Our correspondent with much glee points out that in Micklejohn's *English Grammar* it is specifically stated that when a verb in the active voice is followed by a dative and an accusative, the accusative may be retained when the form of the sentence is changed to the passive. This, we admit, is bad for us, for although we are not intimately acquainted with Micklejohn, we have no doubt that he is a great and good man, and that if he says a thing it is pretty apt to be so. Still, there are some fundamental principles of language that even a Micklejohn cannot shatter—at least all at once. One of these principles is that the passive voice, denoting as it does that upon which the action is performed, cannot from its very essence itself be used to convey the action to an object, and therefore cannot govern an accusative. If it could, it would no longer be passive but active, and we should have in linguistics a violation of the law of extension. Therefore we still ask how Mr. Austin would construe the word "seat" in the quoted line.

We think, however, that the Micklejohn method of settling the question by dogmatic assertion is rather better than the absurd defence put forward by some rash persons who wish to justify an expression in English because something like it can be found in Latin or Greek. English, we may remark, is neither Latin nor Greek, and it possesses no such lax use of the accusative case as those languages can show in their adverbial employment of it. We wonder whether these ingenious scholars would justify in English a sentence like "Times is bad," because the Greek possesses such a thing as the Schema Pindaricum? Still more idiotic is the argument based on the fact that by raking over our language with a fine-tooth comb a number of parallels to Mr. Austin's constructions can be found in various writers from Hampole to E. B. Andrews. What does it mean when one finds such things in writers of English that is ordinarily good? The sane and large-minded scholar when he comes upon them, knowing that all writers in all languages make occasional slips, does not note down every stray anacoluthon or chance infelicity as having any linguistic lesson to convey, but merely passes it over as a bit of inevitable carelessness. A pedant and formalist, on the contrary, culls these things out as rare and precious pearls of speech, bows down to them and worships them, and reverently enshrines them in a special philological niche, to be spoken of with bated breath forever after as Grammatical Exceptions.

IV.

Here is a letter that has interested us very much indeed, because the questions which it asks are asked again and again of every editor, and because the ambition of the young lady who wrote it is the ambition of thousands of others who feel that they have within themselves talents that only lack a fair field of opportunity to win the sort of success that is of all the most fascinating to an intelligent and generous mind.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

I write to you for direction and assistance, which I trust it may be in your line to give, and for which I am willing to pay a just valuation.

While pursuing my vocation as writer of verse, short stories, sketches, timely articles, humorous hits, etc., I desire to get into a newspaper office, into a magazine office, or publishing house; to connect myself with regular journalistic work in any capacity whatever.

I have nearly completed a course in stenography and type-writing at the —— School, and have thought that it might not be unpractical for me to accomplish the end in view by becoming editor's assistant or amanuensis at, if need be, a nominal salary. But the question is, how?

To offer my services at nominal rates for the value of such apprenticeship might of itself depreciate those services and stand against me. The only reason why I should make this offer is that I am confident I could make myself of value. And through what medium could I make such an offer?

This is a private letter, and a stamped envelope is enclosed for an answer. But the question is a public one, and you may print an answer in THE BOOKMAN some time if you feel inclined. There are paths for the conscientious worker which lead straight into mercantile houses, plumbing, or millinery, but the worker in literature has no such beaten road to follow if he seeks to enter journalism.

I have time to do good work and to try to do better, but not to hang around newspaper offices in the attitude of a literary mendicant looking for the crumbs that *may* fall. That is one way I have not tried and will not try. I had almost said I will die first, but I will change that form and say that I will quit writing first. Neither of these alternatives is a very hard thing for the world perhaps, but rather unpleasant for me.

I will cheerfully pay you anything you think I ought for reading this letter. It is the duty of one of a number of sufferers sometimes to cry out,

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whether help ever reaches himself in particular or not.

I have read THE BOOKMAN enough to know that it seeks to be of value not only to writers who have established themselves, but to those who seek worthily to do so, and hope I have not intruded upon its editors too far for their forgiveness.

With best wishes for their paper and themselves, I am,

Very truly,

Now, we think that it should have occurred to this young lady that if there is no beaten road for the conscientious worker to follow if he wishes to enter literature, as there is for the merchant, the plumber, and the milliner, the reason is due to the fact that there is an essential and fundamental difference between literature and the other occupations that she mentions. Any one who earnestly desires it and has a fair amount of intelligence may become a capable salesman, a passable plumber, or (we presume) a moderately successful milliner. But not all the ambition in the world, nor all the ability in the world, unless it be of that particular kind, will make of the young man or the young woman an acceptable writer. Yet, unfortunately, the ambition exists in thousands who lack the special ability, the literary touch, the journalistic instinct; and this is why the path of the beginner who really has the ability is so very difficult. Every editor, every publisher is beset by scores of would-be writers who ask for "only a chance;" and it is the number of these that makes it so utterly impossible for the editor and the publisher to try the experiment, for if he did so, his whole time would be taken up in the process. In the early stages of our editorship we were weak enough to take in hand a very ambitious individual who asked for "a chance." His work turned out to be execrable in every way, but he couldn't see it, and after we had expended several hundred dollars' worth of time and several million dollars' worth of patience upon him, and after he had haunted our office, and chased us into our club, and waylaid us at our home, we had to stop this sort of thing in a very summary way, thereby making an enemy and getting never a word of thanks for all the trouble that we had taken. Not to be prolix, we must advise our correspondent by all means to secure some position, however humble, that will pay her expenses, and then to write unceasingly, and send what she writes to the papers and the magazines—expecting no pay at all, but writing solely for recognition. One must be underpaid at first in order to be overpaid at last. No editor cares a straw for any testimonial that a writer can bring him, or for any expression of zeal, ambition, or desire to please. What he does care for is the unimpeachable evidence of good work promptly and efficiently done. As soon as he sees this (and he will never see it with painful frequency) the writer will not have "to hang around newspaper offices," but will presently have publishers and editors alike besieging him for "copy." We salute our correspondent; and we may add that from the very clear-cut letter that she has written, we infer that if she takes our excellent advice she will in the end attain the full measure of success that we sincerely wish her.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1896.

Both sales and publications for the past month have been confined very largely to fiction, and there has been especially a large demand for *Madelon*, by Mary E. Wilkins, *Weir of Hermiston*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, and *Summer in Arcady*, by James Lane Allen.

The tendency to reprint the earlier works of authors who have recently become prominent is still noticeable, the new editions of *An Ocean Free Lance*, by W. Clark Russell, and the proposed publication of *Maggie*, by Stephen Crane, being illustrations of this fact.

The popularity of *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, by Harold Frederic, published in England with the title of *Illumination*, has been remarkable, the publishers finding it difficult to supply the demand.

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Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, *A Kentucky Cardinal*, *A Singular Life*, and *A Social Highwayman* continue to sell steadily and the same may be said of the stories of Marie Corelli, F. Marion Crawford, John Kendrick Bangs, and Stephen Crane.

In paper-bound novels sales are comparatively light. The issues of the month include *A Winning Hazard*, by Mrs. Alexander, and *A Faithful Traitor*, by Effie Adelaide Rowlands; these, together with *The Unclassed*, by George Gissing, and *Titus*, by Florence Morse Kingsley, have been the leading sellers.

Outside of fiction, *The History of the Warfare of Science with Theology*, by Andrew D. White, and *Democracy and Liberty*, by W. E. H. Lecky, have sold very well. *Through Jungle and Desert*, by William Astor Chanler, is also in fair demand.

On athletic subjects, *Track Athletics in Detail*, from Harper's Round Table, has been published, and is very fully illustrated from instantaneous photographs. *Bicycling for Ladies*, by M. E. Ward, is also a particularly attractive and timely book, which has met with considerable success.

The first volume of the new edition of Mark Twain, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, is now ready, and is much more attractive than the old subscription edition, and at the reduced price will probably be sold freely by the trade.

On religious subjects the call has been greatest for *Stephen*, by Florence Morse Kingsley, and Ian Maclaren's two books, *The Mind of the Master* and *The Upper Room*.

Reports of trade generally indicate a quiet state of affairs. School-book business is entirely over until the autumn, and library trade is diminishing to a great extent.

The early travellers are starting for the West and South; their lines, however, are not yet complete, and will not be shown in New York for several months. The publishers are announcing new bindings and styles for the autumn trade, and there is likely to be considerable competition in the various lines of 12mos, 16mos, etc., during the next season.

The following list of books contains the most popular works as indicated by their sale, and shows how large the tendency is to read fiction at this time of year.

Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.

Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

Madelon. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.25.

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. $1.00.

Stephen. By Florence Morse Kingsley. $1 25.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1 25.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

Cinderella. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.00.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

Weir of Hermiston. By Robert Louis Stevenson. $1.50.

The Mind of the Master. By Ian Maclaren. $1 50.

Democracy and Liberty. By William E. H. Lecky. 2 vols. $5.00

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1896.

The record of business done during May shows that trade is upon the whole fairly good and even satisfactory. It was best perhaps during the first half of the month, owing chiefly to the activity of library business, which was unusually good for May. General trade too has been active, and the excellent demand for the latest books, which has been quite the leading feature of spring business, shows no signs of abatement.

Reports from the Pacific coast and the Western territory seem to indicate that business there is reviving a little, after a long period of depression. Representatives of the Eastern houses who have just returned from their annual spring trips to that region, confess to having had fair sales, and concur in the opinion that there seems to be a more hopeful feeling generally among the trade there than has been noticeable for a long time.

Andrew D. White's *Warfare of Science* is meeting with a remarkable sale for a book of its class, and appears to be finding readers among all sorts and conditions of men, judging from the miscellaneous character of the orders which are coming in for it, from all corners of the land.

A large amount of purchasing for fall wholesale trade is now done in this city during May, and all of the houses which make lines of sixteenmos and twelvemos had representatives here last month showing their preparations for the coming season. Each year brings great changes in these popular books, the previous year's designs being usually superseded by new styles, and as much out of date as a year-old fashion plate. It is pleasing to note that excepting the very cheap series, in which the aim seems to be to cheapen the book at the expense of everything in its make up, the general tendency of the lines is an upward one, toward better binding and better books in every way. Certain it is that the books shown this year surpass everything heretofore attempted, and the best of them should be very popular during the coming season.

Kindergarten literature is one of the things for which the demand is growing all the time, and quite a good business is now done here in books which deal with the labors and elucidate the system of Froebel and his successors. Indeed, books by such popular writers on this subject as Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison and Susan E. Blow meet with sales that many eminent novelists would be glad to command.

The sales of Robert Louis Stevenson's novels and Eugene Field's verse and prose are still very active.

The month of May has been rich, relatively, in new publications, the most prominent being Mark Twain's *Joan of Arc*, H. B. Fuller's *The Puppet Booth*, James Lane Allen's *Summer in Arcady*, Miss Wilkins' *Madelon*, R. L. Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston*, Zola's *Rome*, Ian Maclaren's *Mind of the Master*, *Holmes' Life and Letters*, the last named being decidedly the book of the month.

The best selling book in the sixteenmo class at present is Dodd, Mead & Co.'s cheap edition of the *Bonnie Brier Bush*. Considering that this is the dull time of the year for sixteenmos, its sales are simply marvellous.

The demand for *Menticulture* is still very active, and a large number was sold last month. This is all the more remarkable when we consider

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that books of this class generally go slowly during the summer months.

A Lady of Quality is still selling largely, and has a very good record for May. *Tom Grogan* also was in good request. The sale of Conan Doyle's various books appears to have fallen off a bit, and S. R. Crockett's novels also are now moving much more slowly. This may be accounted for, partially perhaps, by the fact that the dull season is now upon us. On the other hand, James Kendrick Bangs' book and James Lane Allen's works show scarcely any falling off at all.

The following books led the demand last month, in the order named.

Cinderella and Other Stories. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.00.
Tom Grogan. By F Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.
A Lady of Quality. By Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett. $1 50.
Madelon. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.25.
Life and Letters of O. W. Holmes. By John T. Morse, Jr. 2 vols. $5.00.
Summer in Arcady. By James Lane Allen. $1.25.
Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50
A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.50.
Menticulture ; or, the A B C of True Living. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.
The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.
The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. $1.00.
The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Puppet-Booth. By Henry B. Fuller. $1.25.
The Mind of the Master. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50.
The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson Jay Hudson. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, April 20 to May 23, 1896.

Bearing in mind always that the time of the year is taken into account in making the statement, it may be said that trade during the period in question has been all that could be reasonably expected. There are not wanting, however, indications of very little attention being paid to the bookselling branch of many businesses, nor can this be wondered at while a discount of three pence in the shilling is expected everywhere, and drapers are offering eight pence three farthing books.

On looking round, the first striking feature is the inquiry for books dealing with stock exchange transactions; Dr. Aubrey's *Stock Exchange Investments* with others have sold freely.

It must be exceedingly difficult for an author to find a suitable title for his book, and one that has not already been used. *The Imagination of their Hearts*, *Without Sin*, *As the Shadow of a Great Rock*, etc., are evidently Biblical phrases.

Anything and everything bearing on South Africa is eagerly bought. The title of Mr. Regan's book, *Boer and Uitlander*, appeals at once to public interest.

The members of the trade are a little curious to know if they will benefit by the formation of the Publishers' Association, but in this age of competition it is somewhat doubtful. Cricket has several additions to its literature, W. W. Read, the Surrey player, having contributed a volume on the subject, which is very popular.

Guide books are much wanted, and time does not alter the leading position of Murray, Black, Baedeker, and Baddeley. R. L. Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston* is in great favour; in fact, the demand for all his publications points to an appreciative public. Works on the Soudan (such as Slatin's *Fire and Sword*, etc.) are asked for daily. Several works on cycling for ladies have been published, and have certainly justified their existence.

There has been considerable interest shown on the Canadian copyright question, but this is scarcely a subject which concerns *booksellers*.

Memoirs of the missionaries who perished at Ku Cheng are still being sold in large numbers. There is apparently a greater interest than ever taken in missionary work.

The output of six shilling novels is marvellous (one has to find a fresh adjective each month). During the last week nearly half a hundred new ones have been published; and, what is better, many of them have a good sale. Marie Corelli and S. R. Crockett lead at present.

No surprise will be caused by the warm reception that has been given to a work on *Butterflies and Moths* by W. J. Gordon. A glance at the colored figures of 1000 species will at once reveal the secret of its popularity. There is, fortunately, at present no close time for butterflies.

In the subjoined list of popular books of the moment, although, of course, fiction predominates, a fair assortment of works in other departments will be found. It is difficult at times to judge the merits of a book for a place in this catalogue, but the list may be relied upon, being the result of considerable inquiry.

Heart of the World. By Rider Haggard. 6s.
The Courtship of Morris Buckler. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s.
A Lady of Quality. By Frances H. Burnett. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
The Island of Dr. Moreau. By H. G. Wells. 6s.
The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
An Amazing Marriage. By G. Meredith. 6s.
Briseis. By W. Black. 6s.
Madelon. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s.
Worth While. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.
Weir of Hermiston. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s.
Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
Sweetheart Travellers. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.
Romance of Two Worlds. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
The Great White Hand. By J. E. Muddock. 6s.
The Mind of the Master. By John Watson. 6s.
Stock Exchange Investments. By Dr. Aubrey. 5s.

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A Man and a Woman. By S. Waterloo. 3s. 6d.
Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
A Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d.
Butterflies and Moths. By W. J. Gordon. 6s.
Life of Peter Mackenzie. By J. Dawson. 3s. 6d.
For His Sake. By Elsie Marshall. 2s.
Sister Martyrs of Ku-Cheng. 5s.
Art of Reading and Speaking. By J. Fleming. 3s. 6d.
The Heart of a Continent. By F. E. Younghusband. 21s.
Pen, Pencil, Baton, and Mask. By H. C. Black. 10s. 6d.
Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By Slatin Bey. 21s. net.
Boer and Uitlander. By W. F. Regan. 3s. 6d.
Democracy and Liberty. By W. E. H. Lecky. 2 vols. 36s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between May 1 and June 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan)
3. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton)
4. Adam Johnstone's Son. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Morse. $4.00. (Houghton.)
6. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
2. The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone.)
3. Adam Johnstone's Son. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.
5. Madelon. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
2. Mistress Dorothy Marvin. By Smith. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
3. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
4. Charlecote. By Thacher. $5.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Cinderella. By Davis. $1 00. (Scribner.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Cinderella. By Davis. $1.00. (Scribner.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton)
4. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Alburning Hazzard. By Mrs. Alexander. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. A Flash of Summer. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 50 cts. (Appleton)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Morse. $4.00. (Houghton.)
2. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
3. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Madelon. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Aeronautical Annual. By Means. $1.00. (Clarke.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
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